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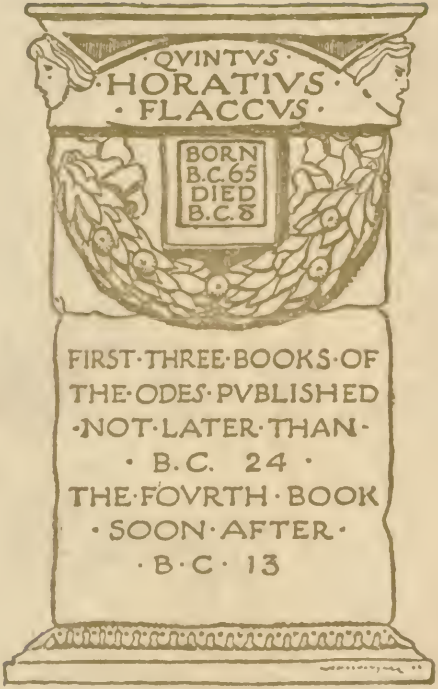

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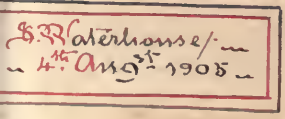

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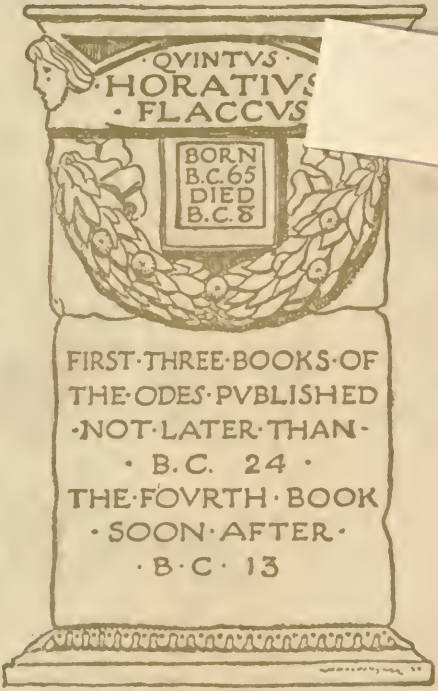

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Horace,

from a print in the British Museum.

TRANSLATIONS of the ODES of HORACE COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY M JOURDAIN

·MDCCCCIV· PUBLISHED · BY · J · M · DENT · AND · CO : ALDINE · HOUSE · LONDON · W · C ·

TRANSLATIONS
The
COLLECTED
AND
ARRANGED
BY

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BOOK I

BOOK I

THE ODES OF HORACE

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book I. Ode 1.

To Mæcenas.

Scion of kings, Mæcenas mine,
My beacon bright and tower of trust,
Some in the chariot and the dust
And goal scarce shunned by glowing wheel
Are happy; palms have power to seal
The lords of earth divine.

One in the thrice-repeated gift
Of office from the fickle crowd
Of Rome rejoices; one is proud
Who garners to his proper stores
What e'er on Libyan threshing-floors
The fans of winnowers sift.

The rustic spirit pleased enow
To hoe his fathers' farm, the gold
Of Attalus had ne'er cajoled
To roam a timorous mariner,
And furrow the Myrtoan mere
Behind a Cyprian prow.

The merchant, shuddering at the attack
Of Auster on the Icarian foam,
Lauds the sweet leisure of a home
Half town, half country;—yet is fain
To mend his shattered bark again,
Unlessoned how to lack.

And one despiseth not the bowl
With mellow Massic vintage crowned;
And breaks dull day's monotonous round
'Neath greenest arbute languishing,
Or laid beside some quiet spring
Whence holy waters roll.

And many only ask of fate
The stern delights of tented plain,
Where trumps in consonant refrain
With intermingling bugles bray;—
The shock of war for such as they,
Which weeping mothers hate!

And see, remembering no more
The tender partner of his cares,
The hunter waits in wintry airs,
An if the trusty pack be ware
Of deer, or through the twisted snare
Bursts forth the Marsian boar.

For me the meed of lyric art;
For me the ivy garland buys
The privilege of Paradise;
And shady grove and airy dance,
Where dryads trip and satyrs prance,—
They bid me roam apart,

So long as breathes Euterpe's flute,
So long as Polyhymnia's spell
To music wakes the Lesbic shell :—
But if *thou* write me on the roll
Of minstrels, my exultant soul
High as the stars will shoot !

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book I. Ode 2.

Enough of snow and hail has vexed the land
In tempests sent by the Eternal sire;
Temples have fallen beneath his red right hand,
While all Rome trembled at the portents dire;

The nations trembled, with a panic fear
Lest the times Pyrrha wailed should come again,
And all their many marvels reappear;
Lest Proteus find the mountain-tops the main,

Herding his seals there, and the finny race
Cling to the topmost branches of the trees,
And panting deer the crested waves displace,
Where the wood-pigeons reared their colonies.

We have seen yellow Tiber hurling back
Impetuous billows from the Tuscan shore,
To sweep away on his relentless track
Temple and tower that Numa built of yore.

On his left bank the surges overflow,—
The uxorious river would avenge the wrongs
Of Ilia wailing with excess of woe
For deeds whose chastisement to Jove belongs.

The Roman youth, thinned by their fathers' guilt,
Shall hear that civic strife made sharp the blade
By which the Persian blood were better spilt
Than blood of friends in hostile ranks arrayed.

When ruin threats the empire—in despair,
What Deity shall the people supplicate?
How shall the sacred virgins press their prayer
On Vesta, angry at the pontiff's fate?

Romans beneath their crime inexpiate quail;
Who, mighty Jove, shall their deliverer be?
Thine image radiant through its misty veil,
Augur Apollo, shall we turn to thee?

Or wilt thou, Erycine, assume the task,
Smiling with Mirth and Cupid in thy train?
Or thee, great Founder, shall we humbly ask
To care for thy neglected sons again,—

Thee who enjoy'st the battle's din and show,
Whom clashing arms and shining helms delight,
And the fierce aspect, glaring on his foe,
Of Marsian soldier in the bloody fight?

Or wilt thou, leaving thy celestial sphere,
Of mortal youth the figure imitate,
Thou, gentle Maia's winged son, appear,—
Cæsar's avenger, saviour of the State?

Late mayst thou seek again thy native skies,
Long with the people of Quirinus stay;
And never may untimely blast arise
To bear thee, wearied with our crimes, away.

Accept the names of Prince and Father here,
Here the proud triumph and the glad ovation:
No Parthian inroads unavenged we fear,
While thou, great Cæsar, guide and guard the nation.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700).

Book I. Ode 3.

So may th' auspicious queen of love,
And the twin stars the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea,
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,

Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from Heav'n the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book I. Ode 4.

Hard Winter melts; the welcome Spring again
Comes back, and in her train
The West wind, and the laid-up keels once more
Are launched from the dry shore.
No longer do the herds the stalls desire,
Nor husbandman his fire;
The meadows that but now were white with frost
Their pallid hues have lost.
In dance by Cytherean Venus led,
With the moon overhead,
Joined with the Nymphs the sister Graces beat
The earth with rhythmic feet,
While at the Cyclops' ponderous forge the light
Makes swarthy Vulcan bright.
Now round the tresses that with unguents shine
Green myrtles we may twine,
Or flowers with which from icy fetters freed
Earth garnishes the mead.
Now is the time to make in shady groves
The offerings Pan loves,
Whether he may demand a lamb or bid
Oblation of a kid.
Pale Death before them stalks impartially
Whether the portals be

Of peasant or of prince—hovel or tower—
Alike all feel his power.
O happy Sestius! Life's little span
Forbids long hope to man;
Thy sunny day impending night invades,
Thee wait the fabled shades,
And Pluto's narrow house; where, once thou go,
No more by lucky throw
Of dice wilt thou in banquet hall recline
King of the realms of wine;
No tender Lycidas will love inspire,
Whose charms thou dost admire,—
Whom rival youths regard with jealous eye,
And maids will by and by.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

Book I. Ode 5.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
T' whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of sea.

M. JOURDAIN.[1]

Book I. Ode 5.

What slender youth with odours dewed is he
Courts thee within the pleasant cave reclined,
Pyrrha, with many a rose? For whom dost bind
Thy golden hair in the artless subtilty
Of thy adornings? Oh, how oft on thee
Shall he complain, and the changed gods unkind
And waves, unwonted, rough with blackening wind,
Who now all credulous of thy golden sea,
Thus always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of the fair-seeming gales untried.
Ah, hapless they, on whom has shined thy tide
Yet unessayed! For me the wall may tell
In my vowed picture to have bestowed in fee
My dropping weeds to Ocean's deity.

[1] Sonnet after Milton's translation.

A. S. AGLEN.

Book I. Ode 6.

Let Varius, whose Maeonian wing
Such flights can dare, thy prowess tell,
And of thy frequent triumphs sing,
Chief of the band that fought so well;
What feats by land, what feats by sea,
That band achieved when led by thee!

But I, Agrippa, on my lyre
Dare not attempt such lofty themes;
Achilles, staunch, but fierce and dire;
Or that sea-rover with his schemes,
Ulysses; Pelops' cruel hall;
Small men grand deeds may not recall.

My lyre obeys a peaceful Muse,
She lets no war-song thrill her string;
And I from diffidence refuse
Illustrious Cæsar's praise to sing,
Or thine; thy deeds might suffer wrong
From some defect within the song.

Where is the worthy pen to write
Of Mars in adamantine mail?
Meriones from Trojan fight
Dust-blackened? Or to tell the tale
Of Diomed, by Pallas' aid
A match for gods in battle made?

Of feasts I love to sing, or war—
If war at all—that lovers wage,
Where sharpened nails the weapons are,
And youths are met by maidens' rage;
I'm fancy free one day, one day
On fire with love, but always gay.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book I. Ode 7.

Some Mytilene praise,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's sister bays,
Illustrious Rhodes, or Tempe's green declines,
Or Thebes, or Delphi, glorious in their shrines.
And others all their epic flow
On maiden Pallas' wall bestow,
To find them garlands gathered long ago.

For Argos, home of steeds,
And rich Mycænæ many a poet pleads
In Juno's praise. Me Sparta's patient might,
The rich Larissa not so much delight
As wise Albunea's murmuring home,
Tiburnus' grove, and Anio's foam,
And dewy orchards where quick rivulets roam.

The white south wind bids fly
The sullen clouds that clothe a sombre sky,
Nor breeds perpetual showers. So, Plancus mine,
Be wise, and end thy woes in mellow wine,
Life's toils forgetting, though thou stay
In camps with fluttering pennons gay,
Or 'mid thy Tibur's native shades delay.

Father and Fatherland,
When Teucer fled, he bound the poplar band
Round wine-dewed brows and cheered his grieving friends,—
Wherever fate, than kindred kinder, sends
Companions and associates, there
We go; ye shall not all despair,
While Teucer leads, and Phœbus proffers fair.

He surely promised this,—
In other lands a second Salamis
Awaits our advent. Hearts of iron, tried
In many a darker hour at Teucer's side
With wine, with wine from sorrow keep
Your anxious souls; when dawn shall peep
Once more across the immeasurable deep!

JOHN EVELYN (1620–1706).

Book I. Ode 8.

Lydia, I conjure you, say,
Why haste you so to make away
Poor Sybaris with love?
Why hates he now the open air?
Why heat, and clouds of dust to bear,
Does he no more approve?

Why leaves he off his martial pride?
Why is he now afraid to ride
Upon his Gallic steed?
Why swims he not the Tibur o'er?
Or wrestles as he did before?
Whence do his fears proceed?

Why boasts he not his limbs grown black
With bearing arms, or his strong back
With which he threw the bar?
Is he like Thetis' son conceal'd
And from all manly sports withheld,
To keep him safe from war?

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700).

Book I. Ode 9.

I

Behold yon mountain's hoary height
  Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
  Oppress the lab'ring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to solid ground.

II

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
  And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
  And sprightly wit and love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III

Let him alone, with what he made,
  To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
  The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'er thou get'st to-day, is gain.

V

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere with'ring time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possesst;
The best is but in season best.

VI

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

THOMAS CREECH (1659–1700).

Book I. Ode 10.

Sweet smooth-tongu'd God, wise Atlas' son,
Whose Voice did mould Men's flinty Hearts,
Just risen from their Parent Stone,
By soft'ning musick, and instructing Arts:

Thee, Thee my muse shall gladly sing,
Thee Post of Heav'n, and Guard of Hell;
First Mover of the charming String;
By waggish Thievery cunning to conceal.

Unless you would restore the Cows
Whilst with his Voice He dar'd the Child,
And threatened with his angry Brows,
Now He had lost his Bow, *Apollo* smil'd.

Rich *Priam*, with a pious haste,
Whilst You did guide his trembling Feet,
Thessalian Fires securely past,
The Camp, and proud *Atrides'* haughty Fleet.

You gently guide the pious Souls
To happy Seats; Your Golden Rod
The flitting Troop controuls;
O lov'd, above, below, by every God.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS (*d.* 1640).

Book I. Ode 11.

Strive not, Leuconoë, to know what end
The gods above to me or thee will send:
Nor with astrologers consult at all,
That thou mayst better know what can befall;
Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks do cast.
Be wise! Drink free, and in so short a space
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace:
Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide;
This day's thine own; the next may be denied.

WILLIAM DOWE.

Book I. Ode 12.

Clio, what man, what hero, or what God
  Shall wake thy lyre—thy flute with sweetness thrill;
Whose name shall playful Echo send abroad
  In whispers from her hill?

Whether on Helicon's umbrageous side
  Or Pindus' height, or Hæmus' peak of snow,
Whence suddenly, self-woo'd, the forests glide
  As Orpheus' numbers flow.

And by the art his goddess mother gave,
  He bids the rivers pause, the winds delay;
The oaks as in gigantic strength they wave
  Hear and his lute obey.

Father Supreme, of earth and ocean King—
  Ruler of all things human and divine—
Guide of the world, whose praises can I sing
  Before I utter thine?

None greater than thyself has sprung from thee;
  None like, none second to thy pow'r is found;
Yet Pallas next, thy wondrous progeny,
  Is after thee renown'd.

Victorious Bacchus, how can I abstain
To laud thy name? Or thine, thou virgin foe
Of the fierce forest tribes? Or thine refrain,
Lord of the fatal bow?

Alcides sing I,—and each royal twin,—
The wild-steed tamer and the arm of might;—
When on the mariners their stars begin
To pour their silver light,

Down from the cliffs the showers of spray distil,
The winds are lulled, the clouds obedient flee;
The mountain waves, subservient to their will,
Sink down upon the sea.

Shall Romulus, or Numa's tranquil reign,
Afford the fittest theme to celebrate?—
Shall Tarquin's haughty rule awake the strain,
Or Cato's noble fate?

To Regulus, the Scauri and (of life
Too prodigal on Cannae's bloody field)
Paulus, and old Fabricius, verses rife
With grace their fame shall yield.

Stern poverty and the ancestral farm
Trained these, and Curius rough with tangled hair
For war; and nerved Camillus' mighty arm
The battle's toil to dare.

As spreads a tree, so grows Marcellus' fame
With every year; the Julian orb afar
Gleams bright, as when the moonbeam's lambent flame
Outshines each minor star.

Father and guardian of the human race—
Offspring of Saturn—thine by destiny,
Great Cæsar's charge. Thou art supreme; his place
Second to none but thee:—

Whether when Parthia threatened with her hosts
Fair Latium, their repulse his triumph gained;
Or India's tribes, or hordes from China's coasts
His mighty hand restrained.

On thy behalf still may he rule the world;
Shake with thy ponderous car the worlds above!
By thee th' avenging bolts of heaven be hurled
On each polluted grove.

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY.

Book I. Ode 13.

To Lydia.

When of Telephus thou praisest
Rosy neck and arms of snow,
Then, alas! my passion, Lydia,
Swells in overwhelming flow.

Then nor soul nor blood is steady,
And the tear that wets my cheek
Stealthily, but shows the ceaseless
Fires within that make me weak.

Burns my heart if thy fair shoulders
Strife unseemly stains with wine,
Or if thy young lover's frenzy
Scars thy lip with lasting line.

Never, if thou wilt believe me,
Look to him for love that lives,
Who would wound thy kisses essenced
With the Nectar Venus gives.

Blessèd thrice and more the lovers
Bound by an unbroken tie,
Whom no evil strife shall sever
Till the day that sees them die.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Book I. Ode 14.

To the Ship of State.

O Ship! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? hold the port, be stout.
See'st not? thy mast
How rent by stiff south-western blast,

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom yet once thy need might aid require,
O Pontic pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine,

Yet race and name are but as dust,
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust.
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That gird those glittering Cyclades.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book I. Ode 15.

When from Laconia's shore
The traitor shepherd royal Helen bore
In Ida's fleet, old Nereus stilled the deep,
Hushing the indignant winds to sleep,
And sang, "Beneath an evil star
You lead the Spartan to a fated home,
Perfidious guest! Insulted Greece shall come
With banded hosts and all the pomp of war
To burst those lawless nuptials, and destroy
Priam's old realm, the god-built walls of Troy.
Alas! What sweat, what blood shall rain
From man, from horse! Your victims dye the plain!
Pallas in fury sees the storm afar,
Uplifts her Ægis dread, and mounts her fiery car.

You, bold in Cytherea's care,
Cruel and coward, comb your perfumed hair,
Attune soft lays to the unwarlike lute,
And in your bridal chamber shun
The roar of battle thundering on,
Crete's hurtling darts, and Ajax swift of foot:—
In vain! Troy's trampled plain, Scamander's flood,
Shall stain, too late, th' adulterer's locks with blood.

See you not Nestor? Lo! Laertes' son,
Ulysses, ruin of your house.
See you not Teucer? Merion?
Horse-taming Sthenelus?
Ruthless Tydides, greater than his sire,
Hot in pursuit with eager eyes of fire?

You fly, false Paris, as the deer
Flies when the mountain wolf draws near,
Forsakes his pasture, snuffs the gale,
And panting, bounds along the vale.
I see you fly—not such the oath you swore
To Helen, on Eurotas' shore!

Ten respite years Achilles' jealous ire
Shall grant to Troy's proud matrons. O'er her walls
Then leaps th' avenging fire;
Then haughty Ilion falls."

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY.

Book I. Ode 16.

O daughter fairer than a mother fair,
To lines that bring but blame and shame
Come set a limit, let the flame
Or Hadria's waters end the sting they bear.

Not Cybele or god of Pythos' shrine
When he his trembling priesthood shakes,
Nor Corybant who shrilly makes
His timbrel echo, nor the god of wine,

Can stir like wrath, that neither Noric blade
Nor wreck-strown sea nor savage fire,
Nor Jove himself, when in his ire
He rushes thund'ring on, can make afraid.

Prometheus, bound to add to primal clay
Some morsel drawn from every source,
Took too the lion's frenzied force
To swell our passion, so the legends say.

'Twas anger laid Thyestes sorely low,
And to this cause the ramparts tall
Of towns can trace their final fall,
When o'er the site of ruined walls the foe

Set mark of ploughshare in the flush of pride.
Be calm of mind; when youth was sweet
I too, consumed by passion's heat,
The burning rush of swift iambics tried

In madness. Now I seek for hours of pain
To win back pleasure, an thou wilt;
Since I recant my charge of guilt,
Be friends and give me back thy heart again.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Book I. Ode 17.

To Tyndaris.

Lycæus for Lucretilis
Oft nimble Faunus changing gives;
My flock of goats, 'tis due to this,
From heat and rain-fall guarded lives.

The she-goat flies her reeking mate
For arbutus, far off from sight,
Or devious thyme: nor fears her fate
From wolves of Mars, nor adder's bite.

What time thy pipe hath told its tale
To the smooth cliffs that beetle round,
And all Ustica's upland vale,
O Tyndaris, gives back the sound.

The gods are with me; they approve
My muse, my prayers; come, see these fields,
And learn what blessings, through their love,
The brimming horn of plenty yields.

Come hither, tune the Teian string,
In folded vale the dog-star shun,
Penelope and Circe sing
Both sick at heart, and sick for one.

Quaff too my harmless Lesbian wine
Beneath the shade; no Bacchus here
Shall fight with Mars, no evil sign
From saucy Cyrus need'st thou fear;

Suspecting, he rude hands and strong
Might lay on thy frail form, and tear
Thy garment innocent of wrong,
Or coronal that binds thy hair.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book I. Ode 17.

Swift-footed Faunus oft delights to roam
From snow-clad peaks of Arcady, and find
Here in my soft Lucretilis a home,
Where in sequestered brake
Safe from hot suns and pitiless wind
From ledge to ledge my nimble younglings climb,
Nipping fresh Arbutus and fragrant Thyme,
Fearless of prowling wolf or venomed snake,
While from Ustica's vale profound
The polished rocks the Wood-god's pipe resound.

The gods protect me. They approve
My piety; my song they love.
Haste, Tyndaris, haste! partake my store
Of rural honours brimming o'er
From plenteous horn. This cool retreat
Shall guard thee from the Dog-star's heat.
Here that white hand the Teian lyre shall strike;
That sweet voice sing the old Greek melody
Of him, the wand'ring Prince beloved alike
By that true wife, Penelope,
And Circe glittering as a summer sea.

Tyndaris! 'neath the arching vine
Lift to thy lips the Lesbian wine,
An innocent draught! Not here shall Mars
And Bacchus wage their customed wars;
Not here shall jealous Cyrus dare
To rend thy guiltless robe, or tear
The clinging garland from thy hair.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608–1666).

Book I. Ode 18.

Of all the trees plant me the sacred vine
In Tibur's mellow fields, and let it climbe
Cathyllus' walls: for Jove doth cares propound
To sober heads, which in full cups are drown'd.
Of want, or war, who cries out after wine?
Thee father Bacchus, thee fair Erycine,
Who doth not sing? But through intemp'rate use,
Lest Liber's gifts you turn into abuse,
Think of the Centaures' brawle fought in their cans
With Lapithes; and to Sithonians
Heavy Evöus when their heated blood
Makes little difference between what's good,
And what is not. No, gentle Bassareu,
I will not force thee: nor betray to view
Thy vine-clad parts: suppress thy Thracian hollow,
And dismall dynn, which blind self love doth follow,
And glory puffing heads with empty worth,
And a glasse bosome pouring secrets forth.

HENRY RIDER.[1]

Book I. Ode 19.

The Cupids' cruell mother, and the son
Of Theban Semele commands me on,
And wanton libertie, again to move
My mind unto my long forsaken love.
Glycera's beautie fireth me alone,
Shining more bright than Parian marble stone.
Her lovely scornfulnesse inflameth mee,
And look too dangerous for me to see.
Venus upon me rushing with her might,
Left Cyprus, nor would suffer me to write
Of Scythians, and of Parthians valorous
On wrong-turn'd steeds, nor what concerns not us.
Young striplings, lay for me greene fresh turfe here,
Vervine and frankincense dispose me there,
With bowles of wine of two yeares old well fill'd:
Shee'l be more milde, the sacrifice being kill'd.

[1] Published 1638.

T. CREECH (1659–1700).

Book I. Ode 19.

The cruel Mother of Desires,
And wanton Youth reproves,
And bids me, rais'd by Bacchus' Fires,
Restore myself to my forsaken Loves:

Fair Glycera my Wish provokes,
More white than polish'd Marble Stone;
Inviting, coy, and slippery Looks,
Coy Looks, too slippery to be gazed upon.

Now Venus leaves her Cyprian Seats,
And fills my Soul with all her Heats;
Bids me not mind the Parthian Force,
When dreadful on his flying Horse
He makes his proud and conquering Retreats.

All that I think on must be Love;
Bring Wine, my Boys, an Altar rear,
A tender Lamb perhaps may move
And make the angry goddess less severe.

T. A. WALKER.

Book I. Ode 20.

You'll only drink poor Sabine wine,
In modest cups, Mæcenas mine,
That I myself have stored:
The jar is Greek with plaster sealed,
The date, as by the stamp revealed,
When noised, dear knight, abroad,

The theatre in loud acclaim
Rang with such plaudits of your name,
The banks sent back the sound,
Whence your ancestral river ran
And playfully Mount Vatican
Re-echoed it around.

The grapes at Cales grown and pressed,
And Caecuban in taste the best,
These you must taste at home:
No flavours of Faternian juice,
No Formian, e'en for future use,
Within my goblets come.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Book I. Ode 21.

The Delian Gods.

Ye tender maids of Dian tell,
Ye youths commend the Cynthian well,
And both Latona, who from Jove
Hath all the strength of all his love.

Tell of her joy in streams and groves,
How on cool Algidus she loves
The sombre wood; how pleased hath seen
Dark Erymanthus, Cragus green.

Nor less, ye youths, of Tempe's worth,
Delos, that gave Apollo birth,
The quiver to his shoulders brought,
And lyre his brother Hermes wrought.

Famine, and plague, and tearful war,
Moved by your prayer, from Rome afar
Let him, our Cæsar still alive,
On Persians and on Britons drive.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Book I. Ode 22.

To Aristius Fuscus.

Fuscus, the man of upright life and pure,
Needeth nor javelin nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

For as I strayed along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turned and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parched nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds oppress, and withering tempests freeze
From shore to shore.

Place me beneath the sunbeams' fiercest glare,
On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere,
Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice even there
I will adore.

W. SEWELL.

Book I. Ode 23.

Thou shunn'st me, Chloe, like a fawn
Its panic-stricken mother seeking
On pathless mountains, not without
Vain fear of airs, and wild wood creaking.

For whether spring's approach has rustled
In fluttering leaves, or midst the trees
Green lizards have the bramble parted,
She trembles both in heart and knees.

Yet not as tiger fierce, or lion,
Gætulian, do I thee pursue,
To crush thee. Cease at length to follow
Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book I. Ode 24.

What shame, what end of sorrow for the dead,
For one so dear a head? Begin, to thee
Divinely the clear liquid note was wed,
And lyre, Melpomene!

Heavy on him doth Sleep perpetual lie?
O twin with Justice, Faithfulness of mind,
O naked Truth, O Purity as high,
You left no peer behind.

How wept of all the good he sinks, and thee
Who lent with dear religious love to Heaven,
But lent in vain, Quintilius. Might it be
To thee such might were given

To rule a lyre more suasive than the Shell
Of Thracian Orpheus, the trees to bow,
No more will visit him the life's warm spell,
—The phantom form, whom now

The heavy rod once in the twilight fold,
Untuned to ope the prison door to prayer,
Has guided: but thy cureless grief controlled
By patience, lighter were.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book I. Ode 25.

How seldom now the pane is prest,
How seldom now thy lovers free
Beat upon it eagerly,
They will not break thy rest!

The door no longer leaves the sill,
Now is no murmur at the door
So frequent on its hinge before,
Of "Wilt thou slumber still?"

The itch of love in aged veins
Will once be thine, when winds are high
In riot, in the moonless sky,
In the dark deserted lanes,

And sighs in turn, to Youth is dear
The ivy green, the myrtle's glow,
Who puffs to Hebrus' wintry flow
The yellow leaf and sere!

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book I. Ode 26.

To Lucius Ælius Lamia.

Loved of the Nine, all fear and woe
I puff them to the Cretan sea,
On wanton winds: 'tis nought to me
Who rules the polar realms of snow;

'Tis nought to me what thoughts of dread
Fright Tiridates. Nymph divine
Of virgin wells, a garland twine
Of sun-kissed flowers for Lamia's head.

O sweet Pimplea, praise from me
Is nought without thee: new to trim
The Lesbian lyre and hallow him
Thy sisterhood behoves and thee.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book I. Ode 27.

What! like a boisterous Thracian throng
Fight o'er the bowl whose ruby flush
Was meant for laughter, love, and song!
Cease your mad strife. Ye bring a blush
To Liber's brow. Mirth, wit, and wine,
And those encircling lights that shine
Upon our revels, ill accord
With Parthian spear, or Median sword.
My comrades, hush those cries profane,
And press the festal couch again.

Slave, fill a goblet to the brink
With strong Falernian. Ere I drink
Tell me, Megilla's brother, say
What loving eyes have sped the dart
That pierced, but piercing blessed, thy heart?
Thou wilt not? Then I fling away
The cup unquaffed. Stay, on thy face
No tint of conscious shame I trace:
Whisper it, youth!—Ha! wretched boy,
Deserving of a worthier joy,
What power divine, what wizard art,
From bonds so vile could loose thy heart?
Not the winged courser that of yore
The monster-slaying hero bore,
Could snatch thee from this guilt, this shame,
Charybdis' cruel arms, Chimæra's poison flame.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Book I. Ode 28.

Archytas.

Sailor.

Thee, O Archytas, who hast scanned
The wonders of the world by sea and land,
The lack of some few grains
Of scattered dust detains
A shivering phantom here upon Matinum's strand.
And it avails thee nothing, that thy soul,
Death's sure-devoted prey,
Soared to the regions of eternal day,
Where wheeling spheres in silvery brightness roll.

Archytas.

What then! E'en Pelops' sire, the guest
Of gods, to Orcus sank, by death oppressed,
And old Tithonus, too,
Though heavenly air he drew,
And Minos stern, who shared the secrets of Jove's breast.
There, too, Panthoides, once more immured,
Roams, though his spirit's pride
All save this fading flesh to death denied,
By his old Trojan shield deceitfully assured.

And he, even thou wilt grant me, was
Not meanly versed in truth and nature's laws.
But for us all doth stay
One night, and death's dark way
Must needs be trodden once, howe'er we pause.
The Furies some to Mars' grim sport consign,
The hungry waves devour
The seaman, young and old drop hour by hour,
No single head is spared by ruthless Proserpine.

Me, too, the headlong gust,
That dogs Orion, 'neath the billows thrust.
But, prithee, seamen, shed
On my unburied head
And limbs with gentle hand some grains of drifting dust!
So may the storm that threats the western deep
Turn all its wrath away,
To smite the forests of Venusia,
And thou thy course secure o'er the mild ocean keep!

So may from every hand
Wealth rain on thee by righteous Jove's command!
And Neptune, who doth bear
Tarentum in his care,
Bring thy rich-laden argosy to land!
Deny me this, the common tribute due,
And races to be born
Of thy sons' sons in after years forlorn,
Though guiltless of thy crime, thy heartless scorn shall rue!

Nor shall thyself go free,
For Fate's vicissitudes shall follow thee,
Its laws, that slight for slight,
And good for good requite!
Not unavenged my bootless pray'r shall be,
Nor victim ever expiate thy guilt.
Oh, then, though speed thou must—
It asks brief tarrying—thrice with kindly dust
Bestrew my corpse, and then press onward as thou wilt!

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book I. Ode 29.

The Arabs' cherished wealth you crave,
O Iccius, now to share,
And war 'gainst Saba's monarchs brave
Unvanquished yet prepare,
And forge for the fierce Mede a chain.
What captive maid, her lover slain,
To serve you will you spare?
What youth with essenced locks, brought up
In courts, appoint to bear your cup—

Well skilled his Serian shafts to send
From the paternal bow?
That streams can mountains steep ascend
Or Tiber backward flow
Who will deny, when you neglect
The lore of the Socratic sect,
Don Spanish mail, and throw
Panætius' noble books aside—
Your early promise all belied?

M. JOURDAIN.

Book I. Ode 30.

Cnidian, Paphian, come remove
From the Cyprus of thy love,
To chambers Glycera bids thee prove,
With incense summoning thee,
And with loose-girdled graces bring
Thy fiery boy, and hurrying
Let youth, unsweet without thee, wing
With Nymphs and Mercury!

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Book I. Ode 31.

The Poet's Prayer.

What asks the Poet, who adores
Apollo's virgin shrine,
What asks he, as he freely pours
The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain, that waves along
Sardinia's fertile land,
Nor the unnumbered herds, that throng
Calabria's sultry strand;

Not gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
The spoil of far Cathay,
Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
Gnaws silently away.

Let Fortune's favoured sons the vine
Of fair Campania hold;
The merchant quaff the rarest wine
From cups of gleaming gold;

For to the gods the man is dear
Who scathelessly can brave,
Three times or more in every year,
The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light
Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latoïs, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth!

Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire—
An old age, not unhonoured, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre!

M. JOURDAIN.

Book I. Ode 32.

They ask for us! if ever fancy-free
We sported, thou and I, in shade of trees,
And sung this year that lives, and after these,
Sing, Lyre, and thine the Roman fashion be!
First by the Lesbian thou wert tunèd, he,
Strong son of war, at intervals bade cease
From arms, and mooring by the weltering seas,
Well touched the Wine-god, and the Muse on thee,
And Love's queen, and the boy about her feet
Indissolubly clinging, Lycus fair,
The darkly beautiful of eye and hair;
Thou shell of Phoebus' honour, thou the cheer
Of Jove's high banquets, thou the easement sweet
Of woe, to me that duly call, give ear!

T. CREECH (1659–1700).

Book I. Ode 33.

Come, dry thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,
Think not too much on Glycera's Scorn:
Let no complaining Songs proclaim,
That She, regardless of her Vows,
Her wanton Smiles bestows
Upon a later, and a meaner Flame.

Fair Lycoris for Cyrus burns,
She loves, but meets no kind Returns;
Ill-natur'd Pholoe Cyrus charms
But sooner shall the Lambs agree
With cruel Wolves, than she
Shall take so base a Wanton in her Arms.

Thus Venus sports, the Rich, the Base,
Unlike in Fortune, and in Face,
To disagreeing Love provokes
When cruelly jocose
She ties the fatal Noose,
And binds Unequals to the brazen Yokes.

This is the Fate that all must prove,
The sure Unhappiness of Love;
Whilst fairer Virgins did adore
And courted me, I Myrtale woo'd
As rough as Adria's Flood,
That bends the Creeks on the Calabrian shore.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book I. Ode 34.

One that has seldom worshipped; one that strays
As to a mad sect too much given, and lore
So falsely called, now set my sails once more
Backward, to follow in rejected ways.
For he, the cloud-dividing lightning's blaze
Not through the region cloud, as wont before,
Divided, but with thundering horses o'er
The serene skies his winged car conveys;

Whereon the huge earth shuddered at the sound,
And wandering streams, and Tænarus' seat abhorred,
And Styx, and Atlas at Creation's bound;
It shook me too: The high, He changes them,
And from the cloud withdraws all is obscured,
And plucks from brow to brow the diadem.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book I. Ode 35.

Fortune, fair Antium's Queen august,
Strong to uplift the lowly from the dust,
Or change the pomps that crown the conqueror's head
For the cold trappings of the dead,
Mistress of winds and waves, to thee
The anxious rustic bends his knee;
To thee the sailor makes his vow
Lashing Carpathian foam with keen Bithynian prow.
The Dacian hordes, the Scythians of the North,
Cities and nations,—Rome herself,—pours forth
Their prayers into thine ear:
Thee barbarous Queens, thee purple despots fear,
Lest thou with ruthless foot prostrate
The standing pillar of the State;
Or lest the frenzied crowd
To arms, to arms! should shout aloud,
And crush beneath their feet the empire of the proud.

Fate moves before thee darkly, silently,
In brazen hand the nails and wedges folding,
The cruel hook and liquid lead upholding.
But Hope abides, and white-robed Honour clings
Close to thy side, when with inconstant wings,

Changed robe, and angry aspect, thou dost fly
From homes of Power, and palaces of Kings.
The false, the coward, and the vain
Forsake the fallen; like th' ungrateful guest
The cask that's on the lees disdain,
And shun the sorrow where they shared the feast.

Fortune! Preserve our Cæsar: save
That swarm of Roman youth that flies
To quell our farthest enemies
On Britain's shores, and by the Red-sea wave.
Alas, our guilty bosoms bear the scars
Of kindred strife, not honourable wars.
O iron age! What altars have ye spared?
What gods not spurned, what crime not dared?
Sharpen, great Queen, our blunted steel once more;—
Stain it with Arab, not with brothers' gore.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book I. Ode 36.

Come, strike the lyre, and incense burn,
  And be the votive heifer slain,
To thank for Numida's return
  The gods who bring him home again,—
Who from Hesperia's farthest shore
  Meets friends not met for many a year,
To all some kisses gives, but more
  To Lamia, dearest of the dear,—
Mindful that they in school-boy days
  Watched the same master's smile and frown,
Together shared their tasks and plays,
  Together donned the manly gown.
Nor suffer this propitious day
  Its mark of Cretan white to lack,
Nor whirl of Salian dances stay,
  Nor spare the flagons on the rack,
Nor in his bout with Damalis
  Let Bassus at her bumpers quail,
Nor let our banquet roses lack,
  Nor parsley green, nor lily frail.
On Damalis they all shall gaze
  With melting eyes; but like a vine
Shall Damalis in wanton ways
  About her new-found lover twine.

EARL OF DERBY.

Book I. Ode 37.

Drink we now, and dancing round,
Press with footsteps free the ground ;
Pour we now the rosy wine,
And, in honour of the gods,
Comrades, in their own abodes
Pile we the banquet on each holy shrine.

Sin it were ere now to pour
Forth the cellar's generous store ;
While the haughty queen of Nile,
With her base and scurvy crew,
Dared unbridled to pursue
Wild hopes, and drunk with Fortune's favouring smile,

Madly dreamed the Capitol
Soon should totter to its fall,
And the Empire's self should die ;
But her spirit quailed awhile,
When of all the ships of Nile
From Rome's avenging fires scarce one could fly.

Then assailed her stricken soul
Frenzied with the wassail bowl
Terrors true, and wild despair,
When (as falcon from above
Pounces on the timorous dove,
Or hunters chase o'er Haemon's snow the hare)

Oar and sail incessant plying
As he marked her galleys flying,
Cæsar urged her headlong race:
Deeming that his wondrous prize
Soon would gladden Roman eyes,
And bound in chains his haughty triumph grace.

Nobly she to death resigned,
Not with woman's shrinking mind,
Gazed upon the deadly knife;
Nor within some friendly creek
Basely lurking, did she seek
To save from death a now dishonoured life.

On her prostrate Citadel
Dared her dauntless eye to dwell:
Firm of purpose, calm she stood,
Holding with unflinching grasp
To her breast applied the asp,
Whose venom dire she drank through all her blood.

Sternly resolute she died;
Nor could stoop her royal pride,
That, reserved to swell a show,
She a Woman and a Queen,
Should be led like captive mean
Through streets of Rome to grace her conquering foe.

W. COWPER (1731–1800).

Book I. Ode 38.

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
  Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
  Lingering after all the rest.
Plainer myrtle pleases me,
  Thus outstretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee
  Waiting with thy master's wine.

BOOK II

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book II. Ode 1.

When you the civil strife debate
That marked Metellus' consulate,
Its crimes, its dreadful customs, or
The causes that produced the war,
The sport which these to Fortune gave,
Of Princes the alliance grave,

And glittering armour sprinkled o'er
With yet unexpiated gore—
How full of hazard is the theme
Which you select you little deem,
And over treacherous ashes go
Which mark the fire that burns below.

Now let the Tragic Muse's style
Austere our theatres awhile
Abandon; when in order due
Our public matters you review,
You may for that more solemn task
Once more the tragic buskin ask,

My Pollio, unto whom resort
Sad clients as their chief support,
And the grave Senators when they
Seek counsel; you to whom the bay
Eternal honour has decreed
As your Dalmatian triumph's meed.

With threatening tones of trumpets clear
Do you already strike my ear:
Now ring the notes of clarions shrill;
Now does the sheen of armour fill
With fear the routed horseman's face,
And flying steeds in headlong race.

I seem to hear the voices sound
Already of those chiefs renowned
Whom no inglorious dust bestains;
Whilst nothing of this globe remains,
Save the unconquerable mood
And soul of Cato, unsubdued.

Juno, and of the gods all those
The Carthaginian cause who chose,
Though forced from lack of power to yield
And quit the unavengèd field,
At last the victors' grandsons made
An offering to Jugurtha's shade.

What plain that is by Latin blood
With more fertility imbued,
Does not by graves that round it lie
Of impious battles testify,
Whilst of Hesperia's fall almost
The sound has reached far Media's coast?

What gulf is there—what stream that flows,
But marks of hideous warfare knows?
Where is the sea of which the tide
By Daunian slaughter is not dyed?
Or can you find a single shore
Free from the traces of our gore?

But do not you, my wanton Muse,
Neglecting mirthful subjects, choose
The burthen of a funeral song
Such as to Cea might belong:
But with light quill strike notes less grave
With me in Dionæan cave.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT

Book II. Ode 2.

The silver has no brightness which the mines
Hide in the greedy bosom of the earth;
And with thee, Sallust, ore has little worth,
Unless with wise and temperate use it shines.

So Proculeius, for a father's care
Bestowed upon his brethren, gained a name;
Him and his story shall surviving Fame
On tireless pinion through the ages bear.

A covetous spirit tame, and make thine own
A wider realm than if all Libya
And far Hesperian climes confessed thy sway,
And either Carthage served but thee alone.

Greed, self-indulgent, like the dropsy, grows,
Its thirst unslaked; and while the cause remains
Of dire disease, nor flies the poisoned veins,
Through the pale frame the watery languour flows.

Phraätes to the throne of Persian kings
Restored—dissenting Virtue strikes his name
From those deemed happy by the world's acclaim,
Unteaching the false names men give to things.

The diadem and a sure empire bring,
And deathless bays—to him who passes by
Huge heaps of gold, and with no longing eye
Looks back upon them;—he alone is king.

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY.

Book II. Ode 3.

To Dellius.

When life is hard, your soul possess
In calm serene; when times are fair,
Refrain from triumph's haughty air,
For, Dellius, death will come no less

If length of days be wholly spanned
With grief, or if as glad hours laugh
You lie in quiet meads and quaff
Falernum's wine of choicest brand;

Where lofty pines and poplars white
Their boughs in friendly shade entwine
Together, and with winding line
The brooklet babbles in its flight.

Here call for wine and nard and bloom
Of roses fading all too fast,
While youth remains and fortunes last
And Fate still spares the thread of doom.

The lawns you buy you must forsake,
That home by tawny Tiber's wave;
The growing stores for which you slave
In heirship will another take.

What boots your wealth or long descent
From Inachus? As well to lie
A lowly beggar 'neath the sky
For any ruth in Death's intent.

One bourn constrains us all; for all
The lots are shaken in the urn,
Whence, soon or late, will fall our turn
Of exile's barge without recall.

CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722–1771).

Book II. Ode 4.

O Phœbus, think it no disgrace
To love your maid, since Thetis' heir,
Tho' proud, of old was in your case,
Briseis was so fair.
The slave Tecmessa at her feet
Saw her lord Ajax,—Atreus' son
Lov'd his fair captive in the heat
Of conquest, that he won,
When beat by that Thessalian boy,
The Phrygian host was disarray'd,
And Hector's death the fall of Troy
An easy purchase made.
Who knows what wealth thou hast to claim,
Rich parents may thy Phyllis grace,
Surely the gods have been to blame
To one of royal race.
You cannot think her meanly born,
Nor worthless cou'd her mother be,
Whose heart has such ingenuous scorn
For wealth, and love for thee.
Her face, her limbs so form'd t'engage,
I praise with a safe conscience still—
Shun to suspect a man, whose age
Is going down the hill.

HENRY RIDER.[1]

Book II. Ode 5.

On her tam'd necke she yet can't undergoe
The yoke, nor office of a bed-fellow
Can yet performe, nor bear the heavinesse
Of the bull that unto his lust doth presse.
Thy heifer's mind is for the flowrie fields,
That now neare streames the toilsome parching shields,
Now loves 'mong calves in osiers moist to play:
Put the desire of the soure grape away.
Ere long the Autumne will desplay to you
His blewish clusters mixt with purple hue.
Ere long she'l seeke you; for strong age makes haste,
And those years, which it takes from thee shall cast
All upon her; thy Lalage anon
With fretted brow her mate shall set upon;
So amiable, as not Pholoe
So swift of foote, nor Chloris ere could be:
She being with her ivory skin as bright,
As the clear moone shines in the sea by night,
Or Cnidian Gyges: whom if you would set
'Mong troupes of girles, he wondrously would cheat
The prying guests (the difference scarce found out)
With his loose haires and lookes still moving doubt.

[1] Published 1638.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Book II. Ode 6.

To Septimius.

Septimius, thou who would'st, I know,
With me to distant Gades go,
And visit the Cantabrian fell,
Whom all our triumphs cannot quell,
And even the sands barbarian brave,
Where ceaseless seethes the Moorish wave;

May Tibur, that delightful haunt,
Reared by an Argive emigrant,
The tranquil haven be, I pray,
For my old age to wear away,
Oh, may it be the final bourne
To one with war and travel worn!

But should the cruel Fates decree,
That this, my friend, shall never be,
Then to Galæsus, river sweet
To skin-clad flocks, will I retreat,
And those rich meads, where sway of yore
Laconian Phalanthus bore.

In all the world no spot there is,
That wears for me a smile like this,
The honey of whose thymy fields
May vie with what Hymettus yields,
Whose berries clustering every slope
May with Venafrum's greenest cope.

There Jove accords a lengthened spring,
And winters wanting winter's sting,
And sunny Aulon's broad incline
Such mettle puts into the vine,
Its clusters need not envy those
Which fiery Falernum grows.

Thyself and me that spot invites
Those pleasant fields, those sunny heights;
And there, to life's last moments true,
Wilt thou with some fond tears bedew—
The last sad tribute love can lend—
The ashes of thy poet friend.

JOHN CONINGTON.

Book II. Ode 7.

O, oft with me in troublous times
  Involved, when Brutus warred in Greece,
Who gives you back to your own clime
  And your own gods, a man of peace,
Pompey, the earliest friend I knew,
  With whom I oft cut short the hours
With wine, my bright hair bathed in dew
  Of Syrian oils, and wreathed with flowers?
With you I shared Philippi's rout,
  Unseemly parted from my shield,
When Valour fell, and warriors stout
  Were tumbled on the inglorious field:
But I was saved by Mercury,
  Wrapped in thick mist, yet trembling sore,
While you to that tempestuous sea
  Were swept by battle's tide once more.
Come, pay to Jove the feast you owe;
  Lay down those limbs, with warfare spent,
Beneath my laurel; nor be slow
  To drain my cask; for you 'twas meant.
Lethe's true draught is Massic wine;
  Fill high the goblet: pour out free
Rich streams of unguent. Who will twine
  The hasty wreath from myrtle-tree

Or parsley? Whom will Venus seat
Chairman of cups? Are Bacchants sane?
Then I'll be sober. O 'tis sweet
To fool, when friends come home again.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639–1701).

Book II. Ode 8.

Did any punishment attend
Thy former perjuries,
I should believe, a second time,
Thy charming flatteries:
Did but one wrinkle mark thy face,
Or hadst thou lost one single grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false vows,
Provok'd the powers above;
But thou art fairer than before,
And we are more in love.
Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare
They pardon falsehood in the fair.

Sure 'tis no crime vainly to swear
By every power on high,
And call our bury'd mother's ghost,
A witness to the lie:
Heaven at such perjury connives,
And Venus, with a smile, forgives.

The nymphs and cruel Cupid too,
Sharp'ning his pointed dart
On an old hone, besmear'd with blood,
Forbear thy perjur'd heart.
Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains,
And the old slave no freedom gains.

Thee, mothers, for their eldest sons,
Thee, wretched misers fear,
Lest thy prevailing beauty should
Seduce the hopefull heir;
New marry'd virgins fear thy charms
Should keep their bridegrooms from their arms.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book II. Ode 9.

See, from the clouds continual-dropping rain
Not always oozes o'er the ruffled plain,
Nor dull with snow inert Armenia's shore;
The uneven gusts forbear the Caspian main,
Valgius, nor Northern winds for evermore
The labouring oaks of Garganus will strain,
Nor of her widowed leaves the ash complain;

While you these plaintive measures ever keep,
For Mystes lost, with loves that never sleep
When Hesper climbs upon the twilit night,
Or Phosphor from the flying sun doth leap:
Not for Antilochus, his loved delight
Old Nestor all his years in tears did steep,
Nor for young Troïlus, his sisters weep.

Cease from this enervate and tender pain,
And of our new-won trophies lift the strain
For Cæsar; of Niphates' frozen sides,
The Persian stream subjected to our reign
That less disdainful rolls his whirling tides,
And coursing Scythian hordes that we constrain,
In new-found limits of a narrower plain!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586).

Book II. Ode 10.

You better sure shall live, not evermore
Trying high seas; nor, while sea's rage you flee,
Pressing too much upon ill-harbour'd shore.

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
From filth of foreworn house, and quiet lives,
Releas'd from court, where envy needs must be.

The wind most oft the hugest pine tree grieves:
The stately towers come down with greater fall:
The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope, good haps appal
With fear of change, the courage well prepar'd:
Foul winters, as they come, away they shall.

Though present times, and past with evils be snar'd,
They shall not last: with Cithern silent muse
Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime spar'd.

In hard estate, with stout shows, valour use,
The same man still, in whom wisdom prevails;
In too full wind draw in thy swelling sails.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS (*d.* 1640).

Book II. Ode 11.

What the Cantabrian stout, or Scythian think
Divided with opposèd Adria's brink,
Quintius Hirpinus, do not thou enquire;
Nor for life's use, which little doth desire,
Be thou too careful: smooth-faced youth apace
Doth backward fly, and with it beauty's grace,
Dry agèd hoariness with furrows deep,
Dispelling amorous fires and gentle sleep.
The summer flowers keep not their native grace
Nor shines the bright moon with a constant face.
Why dost thou tire thy mind, subordinate
Unto the counsels of eternal fate?
Why under this high plane or pine-tree's shade
In discomposèd manner, careless laid,
Our hoary hair perfumed with fragrant rose,
And odours, which Assyria doth disclose,
Do we, anointed, not to drink prepare?
Free Bacchus dissipates consuming care:
But oh! what boy, Falernian wine's hot rage
Will soon for me, with gliding streams assuage?
Ah, who retirèd Lyde will require,
Hither to come? Boy, with her ivory lyre
Bid her make haste, and hair to tie not shame
In careless knot, like a Laconian dame.

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book II. Ode 12.

Ask not the long wars of Numantia dire,
Fierce Hannibal, nor waves Sicilian red
With Carthaginian gore, that I should wed
To the soft measures of the lyre;

Nor cruel Lapithæ, nor overcome
With wine Hylæus, nor Earth's mighty brood
By the strong hand of Hercules subdued;
Through whom old Saturn's splendid home

The fear of danger felt. The warlike feats
Of Cæsar you in prose will best narrate,
Mæcenas, and those kings so proud of late
Drawn with bowed necks through Roman streets.

The brightly beaming eyes and dulcet song
Of sweet Licinia, your mistress dear,
The Muse would have me sing; her faith sincere
And breast in mutual passion strong;

Who in the dances bears her part with grace,
Who vies in jests, and on the sacred day
Of great Diana loves her arms in play
With virgins bright to interlace.

For all Achæmenes might once possess,
For fertile Phrygia's Mygdonian hoard,
Or treasures in Arabian houses stored,
Would you exchange her simplest tress?

While to your fragrant kiss she bends her cheek,
Or with a soft severity denies,
More pleased that you should snatch than beg the prize;
And sometimes hastes the kiss to seek.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1613–1650).

Book II. Ode 13.

Shame of thy mother soyle! ill nurtur'd tree!
Sett, to the mischief of posteritie!
That hand (whate're it were) that was thy nurse,
Was sacrilegious, sure, or something worse.
Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight
Thy rising top first stain'd the bashfull light.
That man—I thinke—wrested the feeble life
From his old father; that man's barbarous knife
Conspir'd with darkness 'gainst the stranger's throate;
(Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note).
Huge high-floune poysons, ev'n of Colchis breed,
And whatsoe're wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed,
His hands have paddled in; his hands, that found
Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground.
Perfidious totterer! longing for the staines
Of thy kind master's well-deserving braines.
Man's daintiest care and caution cannot spy
The subtile point of his coy destiny,
Which way it threats. With feare the merchant's mind
Is plough'd as deep, as is the sea with wind,
Rows'd in an angry tempest. Oh! the sea!
Oh! that's his feare; there flotes his destiny:
While from another, unseene, corner blowes
The storme of fate, to which his life he owes.

By Parthian's bow the soldier lookes to die,
(Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie).
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperiall name,
Fledg'd with her eagle's wing; the very shame
Of his captivity rings in his eares.
Thus, O, thus fondly doe we pitch our feares
Farre distant from our fates, our fates that mocke
Our giddy feares with an unlook't for shocke.
A little more, and I had surely seene
Thy greisly majesty, Hell's blackest Queene;
And Æacus on his tribunall too,
Sifting the soules of guilt; and you, oh! you,
You ever blushing meads, where doe the blest
Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest.
There amorous Sappho plaines upon her lute,
Her love's cross fortune, that the sad dispute
Runnes murmering on the strings. Alcæus there,
In high built numbers wakes his golden lyre,
To tell the world, how hard the matter went,
How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment.
There these brave soules deale to each wond'ring eare
Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare
Without religious silence; above all
Warre's rattling tumults or some tyrant's fall,
The thronging clotted multitude doth feast:
What wonder? when the hundred-headed beast
Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly lines;
The Furies' curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,
And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire.
Prometheus selfe, and Pelops' servèd sire
Are cheated of their paines: Orion thinkes
Of lions now no more, or spotted lynx.

T. CREECH (1659–1700).

Book II. Ode 14.

The whirling Year, ah, Friend! the whirling Year
Rouls on apace,
And soon shall Wrinkles plough thy withered Face:
In vain you waste your breath,
No Prayers can stay nor Vows defer
The swift approach of Age, and conquering Death:

No, tho' ten thousand Oxen stain'd his Shrines
With sacred Blood,
Should'st thou appease th' inexorable God:
He opens, and he shuts the grave;
Geryon's triple Soul confines,
And stubborn Gyges with the Stygian Wave:

That fatal Wave that must be pass'd by all,
The Rich, the Poor
Are doomed alike to view the Stygian shore;
The Knaves and Fools, the Wise and Just,
The Kings as well as Clowns must fall;
And undistinguished lie with meaner Dust:

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,
And live in ease;
In vain we shun the Rage of angry Seas;
The burning Fevers Autumn brings,
In vain we fly, and idly fear
The Plagues that South-winds bear on sickly Wings.

For all the Stygian Waves are doomed to pass;
We all must go
And view Cocytus' wand'ring Streams below:
We all must see the lasting Chains
That hold curst Danaus his Race,
And Sisyphus condemned to endless Pains.

Thy Children must be left, thy Lands and House,
Thy pleasing Wife,
That happy Comfort and Delight of Life;
Of all the Trees thy hands restor'd,
None but the Cypress' hated Boughs
Shall follow their short-lived decaying Lord.

The Wines you keep so close thy worthier Heir
Shall soon possess,
And waste 'midst wanton Luxury and Ease;
Much nobler Wine the squand'ring Youth
Shall spill, and costlier Feasts prepare,
Than ever pleas'd a Pampered Abbot's Tooth.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Book II. Ode 15.

Against the absorption of cultivated and open lands by villas.

These kingly piles the acres take
Once ploughed. The ponds dug round us gain
Bounds wider than the Lucrine lake.
For elms, we plant the unwedded plane.

Myrtles abound, and violet beds,
And every flower, that yields a scent,
O'er olive-ground its perfume sheds,
That whilome brought its lord a rent.

Dense laurel shade shall stop the rays
Of summer. Ah! not such the rule
Of Romulus, nor Cato's ways
Too rude, nor all the elder school.

Romans were poor: but yet they made
Rome greatly rich. No measuring then
With ten-foot rod the colonnade
Tow'rd the cool North, for private men.

The common turf, that grew at large,
Those ancient laws bade all respect,
But freely at the public charge
With stone our towns and temples decked.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608–1666).

Book I. Ode 16.

Quiet! the trembling Merchant cries,
  Into Egean Seas driven far:
When the Moon winks, and he descries
    No guiding star.
Quiet! In war the Thracian bold;
  Quiet! the Medes with quivers dight;
Not to be bought with gems, nor gold,
    Nor purple bright.
For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops,
  Can tumults of the mind remove,
And cares, which about fretted roofs
    Hover above.
His little's much, whose thrifty board
  Shines with a salt that was his sire's:
Whose easie sleeps nor fears disturb,
    Nor base desires.
Why in short life eternal care?
  Why changing for another Sun?
Who having shun'd his native air,
    Himself could shun?
Take horse, rude Care will ride behind;
  Embarque, into thy ship she crouds:
Fleeter than stags, and the East-wind
    Chasing the Clouds.

Let minds of any joy possest,
Sweeten with that whatever gall
Is mixt. No soul that ere was blest,
Was blest in all.
The fam'd Achilles timeless dy'd,
Old Tithon did his bliss outlive,
And Chance, what she to thee deny'd
To me may give.
A hundred flocks about thee bleat,
And fair Sicilian heifers low;
To thee large neighing mares curvete:
In scarlet thou,
Twice-dipt, art clad. Indulgent fate
Gave me a grange; a versing vein;
A heart which (injur'd) cannot hate
But can disdain.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book II. Ode 17.

To Mæcenas.

Why with these sorrows sadden me?
First of the two nor Heaven nor I
Will suffer that Mæcenas die,
Pride of my life and pillar he.

Ah! should untimely violence rend
My one half, shall the other pause,
Not dear and perfect as it was?—
One day shall doom their double end.

'Tis no vain promise writ in sand:
When thou must travel to the dead,
We twain together, we will tread
That last long journey, hand in hand.

Nor shall Chimæra's flaming breath,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas, though
He rose again, divorce us: so
Speaks fate, so mighty justice saith.

Did the dread Scorpion, or the Scale,
Ascendant o'er my birth-hour reign?
Or, tyrant of the Western main,
Strong Capricorn, did he prevail?

Our horoscopes right strangely mate:
Thee hath Jove's glorious guardianship
Wrested from Saturn's evil grip,
And stayed the wings of flying fate,

When the thronged theatre's thunders pealed
Reiterate welcome; and on me
Launched on my brow, had crashed the tree,
But Faunus stretched an arm to shield.

Of worshippers Mercurial
Best guardian. Show with slaughtered kine
Thy grateful heart and deck a shrine;
For me a lowly lamb shall fall.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book II. Ode 18.

My ceiling shows not brave
With gold or ivories;
No marble architrave
On quarried pillars lies,
Which utmost Libya gave.

No despot did devise
On me, a stranger heir,
His royal treasuries;
No dames of birth prepare
For me Laconian dyes.

Pure faith is all my store,
Faith, and so rich a vein
Of poet power and lore
That wealth itself is fain
To seek this humble door.

I ask not Heaven to send
Aught else; I never pressed
For more, my puissant friend,
Who am entirely blessed
One Sabine farm to tend.

To-morrow ousts to-day;
Young moons grow large and less;
Death dogs thy steps; but aye
On marble palaces,
O fool, thy fancies stray,

Who, reckless of the tomb,
Dost build, and 'mid the roar
Of Baian surf presume
On the great sea, whose shore
Yields not ambition room.

What, shall this lust of gain
Not even the landmarks keep
Which that is thine contain?
This avarice o'erleap
Thy client's scant domain?

Thence the poor exiles fare,
Husband and wife; and, strained
To their sad bosoms, bear
Young babes all squalor-stained,
And gods, their father's care.

Natheless no other hall
More surely shalt thou find,
Thou gilded prodigal,
Than that by Death designed,
The greediest of us all.

What would'st thou? Earth's embrace
Impartial shall enfold
King's son and peasant base:—
Prometheus' guile and gold
From Charon gained no grace.

Proud Tantalus, he wears,
He and his race, the chains
Of Death, who needs no prayers
To lighten of their pains
The world's worn labourers.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book II. Ode 19.

Bacchus I saw remotest rocks among
(Believe it, unborn ages), ivy-crowned,
Teaching to listening Nymphs mysterious song:
Goat-footed Fauns with pointed ears stood round.
Strange panic still my bosom fills!
Still through my veins a troubled rapture thrills!
Evoe! Spare me, full of thee; I fear
The terrors of thy voice, and vine-encircled spear.

Now have I might to sing
Rivers of milk and founts of wine,
Honey from caverned Oaks slow issuing,
The untamed Thyiads' rage divine,
Thine Ariadne's starry crown,
And Pentheus' royal halls dashed down,
And mad Lycurgus slain, Edonia's impious king.
At thy command
Broad rivers, barbarous seas
Swerve from their course touched by thy Thyrsus wand,
On peak remote wine-flusht I see thee stand
Wreathing with viper knot thy Thracian votaries.
Thou, when that giant-birth
Scaling high heaven thy father's might defied,
In lion's guise with fangs blood-dyed
Didst hurl the Titan to his mother earth.

Bacchus! To thee belong
The glories twain of Peace and War,
The fight, the jest, the dance, the song:
Hail! genial king! Hail! youthful conqueror!
The guardian hound of Pluto's dread abode,
Saw thee afar, and knew the God:
He marked thy mystic horn
That through the darkness flashed a golden morn;
He crouched to earth thy coming steps to greet,
And licked with triple tongue thy parting feet.

HENRY RIDER.[1]

Book II. Ode 20.

I a two-shaped poet will not flye
With common and mean wings through the moist skye;
Nor to the earth will any longer cleave,
And above envie I the world will leave.
I the succession of my parents poore,
I, deare Mæcenas, whom thou dost implore,
Will not quite perish, neither will I be
Stay'd in the Stygian poole continually.
Now, now rough skin upon my thighes doth grow,
And I a silver Swan am turn'd unto
In all my upper parts, and gentle downe
Upon my fingers and my armes is growne.
Now swifter than Dædalean Icarus
I'l see the shores of roaring Bosphorus,
(Being a sweet-voic'd Cygnet) and the sands
Of Affricke, and the Hyperborean lands.
The Colchick and the Dacian me shall know,
Who at our Marsian troupes a feare doe show:
The remote Scythes, and Spaniard valiant,
And also Rhodanus inhabitant.
Far be sad tunes from my mean obsequies,
And squalid lamentations and cries;
Keep to yourselfe all clamors, and defer
The needlesse duties of my Sepulcher.

[1] Published 1638.

BOOK III

BOOK III

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book III. Ode 1.

I loathe an uninitiate ear!
  Hush! Let the Muses' minion raise
  A psalm unsung in elder days
For youths and maids alone to hear.

Kings keep their subject flocks in awe;
  Themselves to Jove obedience owe,
  Triumphant o'er his Titan foe,
And nodding universal law.

And man than man in planted lands
  Is richer; one in right of birth
  Seeks office, one pleads moral worth,
And one the clients he commands:

But destiny assigns in turn
  To king and clown impartial doom;
  And every name hath ample room
To jostle in her ballot urn.

A naked sword the guilty keep
  Poised overhead: to tempt their taste
  Sicilian feasts their science waste;
Nor harp nor song-bird summon sleep.

Sleep undisdainful of the herd,
Sweet sleep in lowly cots abides,
And in the shade of river sides,
And dells of Tempe zephyr-stirred.

Who asks the needful, nothing more,
Him no tumultuous seas appal;
He frets not, though Arcturus fall,
Or Hædus rise in wild uproar;

Though fields deny the promised gain,
And vines be beaten down of hail,
And orchards tell a piteous tale
Of parching stars, and frost, and rain.

Invading earthworks leave a dearth
Of ocean for the scaly race,
Where builders' gangs usurp its space
To house a master tired of earth.

But fear and menace dog his track,
Albeit from tower to tower he flits;
Black care in brazen galleys sits,
Care clings behind the horseman's back.

Then why, since souls with sorrow rent
Not Phrygian stone, Falernian jars,
Or wear of purples bright as stars,
Or Achæmenian balms content,

Why build—to win but envy thus—
A pillared mansion huge and strange?
Or why my Sabine vale exchange
For riches more laborious?

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745).

(A Fragment, with Additions.)

Book III. Ode 2.[1]

Go, teach our sturdy youth the trade of war,
And to sustain the mean estate and poor,
His school the camp, until the harassed Mede
To terror turn before his spear and steed,
To take the inclement sky, till from the town
The warring emperor's dame with sighs look down,
And royal maid may gaze with sighs, and say:
"O grant my lord, unskilled in war's array,
Cross not with yonder lion in the fray,
With angry-chafing ravin as he goes
O'er fields of carnage to amaze his foes."
[1] How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

[1] A fragment, "to the Earl of Oxford, late Lord Treasurer sent to him while in the Tower, 1716."
Lines 1–11, 22–23, interpolated.—M. Jourdain.

Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue that spurns on upward pinions bound
The crowd low-thoughted, and the humid ground,
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book III. Ode 3.

The righteous man of purpose fixed and strong
Scorns the depraved commands
Of angry Faction clamouring for wrong,
Nor fears the Despot's frown. Not Auster's roar
Whitening the restless wave on Adria's shore,
Not the red thunder hurled
From Jove's avenging hands
Can shake his solid will. Unmoved he stands
Erect amid the ruins of a world.

Thus rose Alcides to the flaming skies:
Thus Leda's son to those Divine abodes
Where couched among th' Immortals Cæsar lies
Drinking with purpled lip the nectar of the Gods.
Thus Bacchus clomb to Jove's Olympian throne
Drawn by wild tigers, ivy garlanded:
Thus, strong and true, Rome's mighty founder sped,
Wafted by steeds of Mars to Heaven, not Acheron.

He claimed a throne among the gods. They sate
Silent: then Juno rose, "Troy met her fate,
Her god-built walls down-crumbled into dust
By a strange woman and a judge unjust;
Condemned by me and by Minerva's hate
Since first that King, false to his kingly word,
Abjured his oath, withheld the pledged reward.

"Where now the glittering grace that shone
From Paris on th' adulterous Queen?
Where now the lustrous sheen
Sparkling from those false eyes her faithless heart that won?
Where Priam's perjured house, Hector its stay?—
How oft his arm triumphant broke the Greek array!

"Dead is that ten years' war
Kindled by feuds of ours: its sound is heard no more.
No more my anger rages: I resign
To Mars this scion of a hated line,
Son of Troy's Priestess. Founder of great Rome
Enter, 'mong peaceful Gods to find a home
And quaff 'mid starbright skies the nectar juice Divine.

"So long as 'twixt his Rome and Ilion roll
The billows of a boundless main
Let Trojan exiles unmolested reign:
Let Rome's proud Capitol
Unshaken stand, while herds insulting roam
O'er Priam's grave, and while in Paris' tomb
Wolves hide their cubs. So long
Shall Roman valour, steadfast, strong,
Give laws to Media's conquered hosts,
And rule the Midland Ocean's coasts,
And those far lands where fertile cornfields smile
Fed by the waters of the swelling Nile.

"Great nation! that canst spurn
The gold that in Earth's bosom hidden lies
(Wisely there hid) unlike the base who turn
To uses vile of sordid avarice
The temple's spoil, fearless your hosts send forth
To India's sun-scorched wastes, or the cloud-mantled
North.

"Strong sons of Rome, to you my law I speak.
Trust not your fortunes or your strength; nor seek,
Blinded by filial piety, once more
The sentenced walls of Ilion to restore.
If e'er again 'neath some ill-omened star
She rises, I, Jove's sister, I, his wife,
'Gainst her will lead the armies of my war
Closing in new-lit flames her new-lit life.
Should Phœbus thrice rebuild each wall, each gate,
Thrice shall my Argives raze them to the plain,
Each widow thrice, captive and desolate,
Bewail her orphaned babes, her husband slain."

Cease, sportive Lyre!—not thine
Mated with gods their counsels to explore.
Fold, Muse of mine, those wings too frail to soar,
Nor mock with mortal lips the voice divine.

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY.

Book III. Ode 4.

O Queen Calliope, come down, I pray,
From heav'n, and raise at length thy tuneful lay
With clear voice, or on flute
Or on Apollo's stringèd lute.

You hear? Or does some frenzied rapture cheat?
Methinks I hear and stray with roaming feet
Through groves where waters flow
In beauty and fair breezes blow.

Me once, beyond my nurse Apulia's gate,
On her own Vultur, bowed 'neath slumber's weight
By sport that boyhood loves,
With freshest leaves the fabled doves

Did cover o'er—a marvel strange to all
Who rest in Acherontia's mountain-wall
Or Bantia's glades or low
Forentum, where rich harvests grow,

That I, with laurel and with myrtle strown,
A daring child whom gods did not disown,
Should sleep by heav'n's care
Preserved from adder black and bear.

I'm yours if I to Sabine heights repair,
Ye Muses; yours if cold Prænestè's air,
Or Tibur's slope inclined,
Or wave-washed Baiæ take my mind.

Because I love your dances and your springs,
Death spared me from Philippi's routed wings,
From fall of cursèd tree,
From cape and waves of Sicily.

Right gladly, if you journey by my side,
A mariner I'll sail where raves the tide
Of Bosporus, or stand
A pilgrim on hot Syria's sand.

To Britons of inhospitable shore
Unscathed I'll go, to Concani for gore
Of steeds athirst, to stream
Of Scythian host whose quivers teem.

Should mighty Cæsar, when the war is o'er,
And weary troops are housed in towns once more,
Abandon labour's lot,
You charm him in Pierian grot.

To give calm counsel, gentle souls, you plan,
And joy in giving. All the Titan clan,
We know, and giant band
He crushed with levin's brand,

Who sways the sluggish earth and wind-swept deeps;
Who towns and gloomy realms 'neath just rule keeps,
That to himself belongs
Alone o'er gods and mortal throngs.

To Jove's own heart had brought a deep affright
Those bristling arms of youths, those brethren's might,
Who Pelion sought to rest
Upon Olympus' dusky crest.

But what were Rhœtus, Mimas stout in fight,
Typhoëus, great Porphyrion dread of height,
Enceladus who bore
And hurled the trunks which he uptore,

As on against Minerva's ringing shield
They rushed? Here eager Vulcan held the field,
Here Juno's wifely aid,
And he whose bow is never laid

Aside, who in Castalia's holy spring
His long locks laves, o'er Lycia's thickets king
And o'er his native sward,
Of Patara and Delos lord.

Force lacking judgment falls by its own weight:
Force held in rein the gods to high estate
Advance, but hate the soul
Whose strength makes any guilt its goal.

The hundred-handed Gyas to my view
Bears witness, and ill-famed Orion too,
Who Dian sought to stain,
And fell by maiden's arrow slain.

Earth sorrows as she folds her monsters deep,
And mourns her sons by lightning's blazing sweep
To Orcus hurled: fleet flame
Has failed to gnaw through Ætna's frame;

And, sentry set o'er guilt, the warder bird
From lustful Tityos hath never stirred;
And weight of countless chains
Pirithöus from love restrains.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book III. Ode 5.

Jove rules the skies, his thunder wielding:
Augustus Cæsar, thou on earth shalt be
Enthroned a present Deity;
Britons and Parthian hordes to Rome their proud necks yielding.

Woe to the Senate that endures to see
(O fire extinct of old nobility!)
The soldier dead to honour and to pride
Ingloriously abide
Grey-headed mate of a Barbarian bride,
Freeman of Rome beneath a Median King:

Woe to the land that fears to fling
Its curse, not ransom, to the slave
Forgetful of the shield of Mars,
Of Vesta's unextinguished flame,
Of Roman garb, of Roman name;
The base unpitied slave who dares
From Rome his forfeit life to crave:
In vain;—Immortal Jove still reigns on high:
Still breathes in Roman hearts the Spirit of Liberty.

With warning voice of stern rebuke
Thus Regulus the Senate shook:

He saw, prophetic, in far days to come,
The heart corrupt, and future doom of Rome.
"These eyes," he cried, "these eyes have seen
Unbloodied swords from warriors torn,
And Roman standards nailed in scorn
On Punic shrines obscene;
Have seen the hands of free-born men
Wrenched back and bound; th' unguarded gate;
And fields our war laid desolate
By Romans tilled again.
What! will the gold-enfranchised slave
Return more loyal and more brave?
Ye heap but loss on crime!
The wool that Cretan dyes distain
Can ne'er its virgin hue regain;
And valour fallen and disgraced
Revives not in a coward breast
Its energy sublime.
The stag released from hunter's toils
From the dread sight of man recoils.
Is he more brave than when of old
He ranged his forest free? Behold
In him your soldier! He has knelt
To faithless foes; he too has felt
The knotted cord; and crouched beneath
Fear, not of shame, but Death.

"He sued for peace, tho' vowed to war:
Will such men, girt in arms once more,
Dash headlong on the Punic shore?
No! they will buy their craven lives
With Punic scorn and Punic gyves.
O mighty Carthage, rearing high
Thy fame upon our infamy,

A city, aye, an empire built
On Roman ruins, Roman guilt."

From the chaste kiss, and wild embrace
Of wife and babes he turned his face,
A man self-doomed to die;
Then bent his manly brow, in scorn,
Resolved, relentless, sad, but stern,
To earth, all silently;
Till counsel never heard before
Had nerved each wavering Senator;
Till flushed each cheek with patriot shame,
And surging rose the loud acclaim;—
Then, from his weeping friends, in haste,
To exile and to death he passed.

He knew the tortures that Barbaric hate
Had stored for him. Exulting in his fate
With kindly hand he waved away
The crowds that strove his course to stay.
He passed from all, as when in days of yore,
His judgment given, thro' client throngs he pressed
In glad Venafrian fields to seek his rest,
Or Greek Tarentum on the Southern shore.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book III. Ode 6.

A guilty epoch's guiltless heir,
  Roman, on thee the vengeance falls
  Till tottering shrine, and temple walls
And blackened image thou repair.

Who heaven obeys shall earth command;
  Thence is all origin and end:
  It is neglected gods who send
Misfortune on our mourning land.

Monæses twice and Pacorus
  Have hurled the unblest invader back;
  Nor vow to eke their necklets lack
A richer booty stripped from us.

Yea, more,—for here was faction's home,
  From Dacia's woods and Egypt's coasts
  The archer and the sailor hosts
Scarce spared to lay their hands on Rome.

An age of sin has left a trace
  Polluting wedlock, tainting home
  And child: from that foul fountain foam
Disasters on the realm and race.

Well pleased the ripening virgin learns
Ionic dance and wanton art;
From blossom-time her maiden heart
For lust's unhallowed raptures yearns;

She leaves a tipsy husband soon
Some younger paramour to catch,
Nor know, nor chooses who shall snatch
The darkened chamber's lawless boon;

Signalled before her husband's face,
She goes to ease some pedlar's pain,
Some stout sea-captain's come from Spain
To spend a fortune on disgrace.

Ah me! they were not mothered thus
Who purpled seas with Punic gore,
Who smote the son of Barca sore,
And Pyrrhus, and Antiochus.

The farmer-soldier's manly brood
Was trained to delve the Sabine sod,
And at an austere mother's nod
To hew and fetch the fagot wood,

While Phœbus threw from mountain crest
An ever-changing shadow shape,
And let the weary steers escape,
And, passing, ushered kindly rest.

Each baleful evening leaves us less!
We, of degenerate sires the seed,
Degenerate too, are doomed to breed
Sons deeper sunk in wickedness.

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book III. Ode 7.

Why do thy tears, Asterie, rise
For Gyges, whom in early Spring
Kind Zephyrs back to thee will bring
Enriched with Thynian merchandise,
Still constant. He by East winds cast,
When Capra's violence is past
On Oricus, does nought but weep
Through the cold nights, and cannot sleep.

His anxious hostess' messenger
Tempts him, meanwhile, a thousand ways,
Tells how poor Chloe sighs, and says
That thy own flames are burning her.
He tells him how a faithless dame
The credulous Prœtus did inflame,
By slanders false, without delay
Too chaste Bellerophon to slay.

He tells of Peleus almost killed,
Whilst from Magnesian Hippolyte
He virtuous flies—and, with deceit,
Tales by which sin may be instilled
Recounts. In vain. For true to thee,
More deaf than rocks Icarian, he
Hears them. But lest thy neighbour fair
Enipeus, please too much—beware.

Though none more skilled the steed to guide
Is in the Campus Martius seen,
Nor is there one who can, I ween,
So swiftly swim the Tiber's tide,
Your home at evening close, nor gaze
Abroad when on his flute he plays—
And unto him, oft calling thee
Unkind, do thou obdurate be.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book III. Ode 8.

You wonder what it means, a bachelor
  Should keep the Matron's feast day,—and inquire
What all these censers and these flowers are for,—
  This incense, this turf altar, and its fire,—

You, with all lore of either language filled!
  I vowed the day to Bacchus to devote
(When by the falling tree so nearly killed),
  And spread a feast to him and slay a goat.

In each recurring year, this festal day
  The pitch from the astricted cork shall strip,
And pierce a cask, in garret stowed away
  To drink the smoke, in Tullus' consulship.

A hundred cups, Maecenas, for your friend,
  Drink to his safety. With the morning light,
The lamps still burning, shall our session end;
  Far hence all anger and all noise to-night.

Touching the State dismiss all anxious care;
  Slain are the troops of Dacian Cotiso;
In civil broils the Parthians prepare
  To bring upon themselves a weight of woe;

Now the Cantabrian of the Spanish coast,
Our ancient foe, the first time wears our chains;
And now with bow unstrung the Scythian host
Retreating lingers on the harried plains.

You for the public weal need have no fear,
So do not worry with your own affairs;
Enjoy the pleasures that await you here,
And for the present hour take leave of cares.

BEN JONSON (1573?–1637).

Book III. Ode 9.

Hor. Whilst, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian king.

Lyd. Whilst Horace lov'd no mistress more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;
In name I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

Hor. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,
As, for her, I'ld not fear to die,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.

Lyd. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thurine Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

Hor. But say old love return should make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke;
That I bright Chloe off should shake,
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope?

Lyd. Though he be fairer than a star;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

G. A. R. FITZGERALD

Book III. Ode 9.

While I was dear to thee,
And no more favoured youth his arms had flung
Round that white neck, I lived more richly blest
Than Persia's Majesty.

While I was still thy flame,
And Chloe had not taken Lydia's place,
Lydia, renowned among her peers, excelled
Our Roman Ilia's fame.

Chloe's my mistress now,
Versed in soft music, and with zither skilled,
For whose dear sake, so Fate would spare her life,
Fearless to death I'd bow.

We burn with mutual joy,
I and the son of Thurine Ornytus;
For his dear sake I'd die a double death,
So Fate would spare my boy.

What if first love returned,
With bonds of brass the severed pair uniting?
If bright-haired Chloe were dismissed, and I
Welcomed my Lydia spurned?

Though no star in the sky
So fair as he, while thou art light as cork,
And passion-tost as Hadria's angry sea,—
With thee I'd live, I'd die.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book III. Ode 10.

Were you born of the Danube's cold waters to drink,
As the barbarous wife of a Scythian boor,
In this Norther you'd not be so cruel, I think,
As to leave me stretched out on the sill of your door.

How the gate creaks and slams as it swings to and fro;
You hear the winds whistle and roar through the trees;
They shake the fine houses, and even the snow
In the crisp air of night is beginning to freeze.

Pride, hateful to Venus, you'd better suppress;
When the rope breaks, the wheel will its circuit retrace;
A Tuscan will never her suitor distress,—
No Penelope ever was born of your race.

But if neither gifts nor entreaties prevail,
And in spite of them all you will cruel remain,
If the cheeks of your lovers grow lividly pale,
And the singing girl meshes your husband in vain,

Spare your suppliants, Lyce; come down in your pride,
Be less hard than the oak and less cold than the snake;
Time will come, I'll not patiently lie on my side
On the sill in the hail and the rain for your sake.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book III. Ode 11.

O Mercury, who taught so well
  Amphion to move stones with song—
And thou, O seven-stringèd shell,
  The echoes of whose strains so long

Were mute and joyless, but which now
  At fanes and rich men's feasts we hear;—
In aptest measures tell me how
  To reach obdurate Lyde's ear.

She like a filly young and free
  Frisking and leaping in the fields,
Fearing a touch—her liberty
  Neither to spouse nor lover yields.

Tigers and trees thy voice obey,
  And rapid rivers at thy call,
Entranced and calmed, their course delay;
  Fierce Cerberus, guardian of the Hall,—

Tho' on his three-tongued head are wreaths
  Of hissing snakes, and from his throat
Foul venom issues as he breathes,—
  Was quelled by thy melodious note.

Even Tityos and Ixion smiled
Against their will; dry stands the urn
Of Danaus' daughters, while beguiled
By song, from their hard toil they turn.

Let Lyde hear their crime,—their fate
A sieve-like water-jar to fill;
Day after day they work and wait—
In vain—the jar is empty still.

Thus sinners meet their doom in hell,
Could any deed be more abhorred!
More impious than words can tell,—
They gave their husbands to the sword!

One only, famed in every age,
Worthy the nuptial torch and vows,
Braving a perjured father's rage,
Was nobly false and saved her spouse.

"Rise up!" she to her husband said,
"Rise up, lest the long sleep befall,—
From those thou hadst no cause to dread—
Our father and our sisters all,

"Who as a lioness her prey,
Each would a victim rend; but I
Will prove more merciful than they,
Nor shall thou captured be, or die.

"Me shall a father load with chains,
For mercy to a husband shown;
An exile to Numidian plains,
His fleet shall carry me alone.

"Fly whilst thou canst by land or wave,
While night and Venus favor thee;
And on my sepulchre engrave
Some tribute to my memory."

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY.

Book III. Ode 12.

'Tis the lot of hapless maidens that love's sport they may not know,
Nor in sweet wine drown their sorrows, or in fear must fainting go
Lest the lash of uncle's tongue should deal its blow.
The winged boy of Cytherea steals your basket, and the room
For Minerva's busy handcraft, Neobule, and the loom
Steals your Liparæan Hebrus' winsome bloom:
Fain to bathe his shining shoulders in the Tiber's rippling sheet,
Rides he better than Bellerophon himself, and none can beat
Or his boxing or the flying of his feet.
Skill he hath too in the open when the deer are fleeing past
In a trembling herd to shoot them, and the toils on boar too, fast
As it lurks in leafy hiding-place, to cast.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 13.

O well, whose waters are as glass to shine,
Bandusia, worthy vintage to be shed,
And not without a flower visited,
A kid with swelling brow to-morrow is thine,
Whose horns to war and wantonness destine.
In vain; in vain, for his dark blood shall spread
Child of the frolic fold, in thy chill bed;
When the hot Dog-star's hours to rage incline,
They pierce thee not, that profferest pleasant cold
To flocks that range, and labour-weary bulls;
Thou too from all time forward shalt be told
Great among wells of name, by me that sing
The ilex shadowing thy stone-bound spring
Whence issues all the tumult of thy pools.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book III. Ode 14.

Like Hercules in elder days,
They say he bartered blood for bays;
Now homeward Cæsar turns his face,
With Spanish conquest crowned.
Happy in her heroic spouse,
The glad wife joins in grateful vows
The conqueror's sister and, with brows
In suppliant fillets bound,
The joyful mothers who regain
Their young ones. O ye youths refrain,
O band of new-made brides abstain
From all ill-omened sound.

Thrice-happy hour when care shall flee!
What is sedition? What to me
The daggers of conspiracy,
When Cæsar ruleth us?
Bring hither garlands, boy, and spice,
And wine of Marsic memories,
If any cask hath 'scaped the eyes
Of roving Spartacus.

Go, bid Neaera, queen of song,
Attire the tresses darkly long;
But if her porter stern and strong
Deny thee,—let her wait:
Grey hair hath snows enough to chill
The readiest brawler's wanton will;
Hot youth had brooked such insult ill
In Plancus' consulate.

H. RIDER.[1]

Book III. Ode 15.

Wife of poore Ibycus, now at length fix
A period to thy lust and whorish tricks,
Forbeare, being nigh thy now-ripe funerall day,
To sport 'mong virgins, and a cloud display
O'er such bright stars: that will not become thee,
O Chloris, that may well fit Pholoe.
Thy daughter better young men's doores may threat,
Mad as the Thyades when the drums beat
Nothus' love makes her like a fond kid play;
Thee, the wooll shorne neare fam'd Luceria,
Nor musick fits, nor roses damask die,
(Being old) nor hogsheads to the lees drawn drie.

[1] Published 1638.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book III. Ode 16.

A tower of brass held Danæ immured;—
Strong oaken doors, and watch-dogs' midnight bay
'Gainst love too bold the royal maid secured;
But Jove and Venus smiled
Mocking her Sire, for gold will work its way
Through guarded gates and sentinels beguiled.

Gold cleaves the fortress and the rock
With force more potent than the thunder's shock.
The Argive augur, sold
By his false wife, Eriphyle, for gold,
Died with his sons. The man of Macedon
Subdued with bribes proud kings in arms arrayed:
And Menas, won
By Roman gold, a Roman fleet betrayed.

Mæcenas! knighthood's boast! thou knowest how
Like thee I shrank from lifting of my brow
Above my peers. To him whose modest thrift
Denies itself, Heaven sends its ampler gift.
Naked I fly the standard of the great,
And seek the ranks of those who nought desire,
More honoured thus despising vulgar state
Than if I should my bursting garners fill
With rich Apulia's grain heaped daily higher,
Sitting 'mid worthless wealth, a beggar still.

Enough for me my little wood, my spring
Where Zephyr's cooling wing
Fans the crisp stream; my garden plot
Whose promised crop deceiveth not:—
The Afric despot knows no happier lot.

What though Calabrian bees for me
No honey filch from flower or tree—
What though no Gallic flocks increase
For me their wealth of snowy fleece—
What though no Formian vine
Ripens not in my bin its mellowing wine—
Content I live; not rich; yet free
From harsh unfortunate penury:
If more I claimed thou would'st not more refuse.

True riches mean not revenues:
Care clings to wealth: the thirst for more
Grows as our fortunes grow. I stretch my store
By narrowing my wants; far wealthier thus
Than if the treasures of Alatteus
And Phrygia's plains were mine. We are not poor
While nought we seek. Happiest to whom high Heaven
Enough—no more—with sparing hand has given.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 17.

To Ælius Lamia.

Ælius, of ancient Lamus, whence are all
Precedent Lamiæ of the elder days,
And whom the noting register displays,
Thou from his loins draw'st thine original [1]
Who reigned first within Formian wall
(For so they fable), and where the Liris strays
Floating amid Marica's watery ways,
Dominion wide! To-morrow a wind will fall
From the East, will strow the grove with thick-sown leaves,
And on the beach, the vile unvalued ware,
Or rain's grey harbinger, the crow, deceives:
Lay while thou may then, fagots, while thou may;
Indulge the morrow, and with wine, prepare
A boar, and with thy house make holiday.

[1] Line from seventeenth century translation.

EDWARD YARDLEY.

Book III. Ode 18.

To Faunus.

Faunus, of flying nymphs the lover,
Walk gently through my sunny lands,
And, going, let my lambs, dear rover,
Have kindness at your hands,

If, when the year dies, from my fold
A tender kid be given to you,
And wine, and if my altar old
Smoke with the incense due.

The sheep in grassy meadow play,
What time is your December feast,
And villagers make holiday,
The oxen are released.

Not then can wolves dismay create;
For you the trees their green leaves shoot;
And clowns, in dance, the earth they hate
Spurn with a flying foot.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 18.

Fond wooer of the wood-nymphs fugitive,
Come to my confines, Faunus, to those leas
That take the sun, that visited in peace
With kindly sweet aspect my younglings thrive.
If at the full-orbed year, a kid I give,
And if that bowls, of Venus compeers, please
With full unstinted liquor; if with these
On your hoar altar the thick odours live.

The herds are gladdened with the grasslands sweet,
What time December's Nones are here, when meet
The jocund hinds that loose them with their steer;
The careless lambs the wild wolves wander through,
The woodland lays its wealthy leaves for you,
The delver treads the earth, his only fear!

JOHN BENSON ROSE.

Book III. Ode 19.

All the history between
Inachus and Codrus—who
Died for Athens—soul serene—
You have learned and written too.
And the race of Æacus,
Sacred Troy and slaughtered hosts;
But you know not, Telephus,
What a flask of Chian costs;
Who boils the water, heats the house,
Closes the shutters, late or soon.
Here, boy! Fill, and let's carouse
A bumper first to the new moon.
A bumper two to midnight deep,
A bumper three unto the seer
Murena. Thrice the revel keep,
Or nine times, and never fear.
Who love the Muses nine, will love
That larger number, odd, of cups;
Who love the Graces, disapprove
Of more than three successive sups;
Those naked Sisters hate a row,
But we who love to drink and fire,
Love Berecynthian pipes enow,
Nor silent suffer flute and lyre.

I will not sit with idle hands,
  Scatter the roses and perfumes
Till Telephus obeys commands,
  And Chloe empire sweet resumes.
Till then arouse the neighbourhood,
  Astonish Lycus and his wife;
Let it by them be understood,
  We do not waste the hours of life.

H. RIDER.[1]

Book III. Ode 20.

See you not with what danger you doe presse
The whelpes of the Getulian Lionesse?
O Pyrrhus, thou a fearfull theife shalt flee
The dangerous combat, afore long time bee.
When she shall run through arm'd troopes of young men,
Fetching the faire Nearchus back again;
A grand contention, sooth, whether the prize
Unto thyself or her would greater rise
In the mean time while you doe ready get
Your flying shafts, and shee her dire teeth whet,
He that might arbitrate the war is said
The conquest under his bare feet t' have laid,
And recreate with a mild-fanning aire
His shoulders cover'd with his powdered haire:
As beautiful as Nireus, or the Boy
Was stolne away from river-stored Troy.

[1] Published in 1638.

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book III. Ode 20.

See you not, Pyrrhus, at what risk you try
From Afric's lioness her cubs to tear?
But you the combat sharp will quickly fly
A spoiler filled with fear;

When through the crowd of youths who bar her way
She seeks Nearchus who surpasses all,
Fierce will the strife be whether that great prey
To her or you shall fall.

Meantime whilst you your arrows swift of flight
Draw forth, she whets her fear-inspiring teeth;
The palm—'tis said—the umpire of the fight
His naked foot beneath

Had placed, and with the soft breeze sought to soothe
His shoulders which the scented locks adorn:
Such as or Nireus was, or he the youth
From watery Ida torn.

T RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book III. Ode 21.

Co-eval mine of Manlius' year,
  Or be thy content woe or wit,
  Or feuds by lovers' frenzy lit,
Or, gentle jar, be slumber here,

With whatsoever purpose sealed
  A Massic meet for golden days
  Thou guardest; come; Corvinus prays
For mellower wine 'tis ours to yield.

Not he so rude as spurn the bowl,
  Deep though he drink of Plato's well,—
  That bowl which many a time, they tell,
Hath warmed old Cato's honest soul.

Thou hast a pleasing pang for breasts
  Obdurate, wringing from the wise
  Their deep designs and secret sighs
Revealed to Bacchus, God of jests.

Hope to the hopeless, pride again
  And prowess to the trodden down
  Thou lendest, till he mocks the frown
Of monarchs and the swords of men.

Liber, the Queen of happy love,
And Graces slow to sever, they
Shall watch with thee the taper's ray
Till Phœbus fright the stars above.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 22.

Warden of hills and woodland glade
Thee, whom in child-bed girls implore,
And thrice entreated, lend'st thine aid,
Divine, three-formed Maid,
The pine my villa hanging o'er
Be thine, and joyfully be paid
Each year that falls, a tender boar,
To dream his side-long thrusts no more!

SIR T. HAWKINS (*d.* 1640).

Book III. Ode 23.

If, rural Phidyle, at the moon's arise
To heaven thou lift thy hands in humble wise:
If thou with sacrifice thy Lars wilt please,
Or with new fruit or greedy swine appease,

Thy fertile vineyard shall not suffer blast
From pestilent south; nor parching dew be cast
Upon thy corn, nor shall thy children dear
Feel sickly fits in autumn of the year.

It is the long vowed victim, which is fed
'Mongst holms and oaks on snowy Algid's head,
Or which in fat Albanian pastures grew
That shall the priest's sharp axe with blood imbrue.

To thee, who petty gods dost magnify
With myrtle branch and sprig of rosemary,
It nothing appertains their feasts to keep,
With frequent slaughters of the fattest sheep.

If thy hand, free from ill, the altar touch
Thou shalt the offended gods appease as much
With gift of sparkling salt and pious meal
As if thy vows more costly victims seal.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book III. Ode 24.

Though India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine,
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas;
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happier the nomad tribe whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil;
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe: no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or if dishonoured, die.

Breathes there a Patriot brave and strong
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds, and quell her rage?
Let him with noble daring just
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst!
So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand
"The Father of his native land:"
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease, idle wail!
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How vain the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's laws be unsustained!
A second sin is yours! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears: he fears nor toil, nor sword, nor sea,
He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Your precious gems, your wealth untold;
Into the seas, or Temple, fling
Your vile unprofitable gold.
Romans! Repent, and from within
Eradicate your darling sin:
Repent! and from your bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.
Bid your degenerate boys to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern:—

The high-born youth mature in vice
Pursues his vain and reckless course,
Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse:
His perjured sire, with jealous care,
Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
Despised, disgraced, supremely blest
Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 25.

To what chasm hurrying, to what forest ways,
Bear'st thou me, Bacchus, bring full with thee,
The mind that's transported with the deity?
To what listening caverns shall I Cæsar blaze,
To insphere the height of his immortal praise
Among the stars, to install eternally
In council seats of Heaven? The unuttered, free,
The solemn vein, fresh from sole lips I raise!
As sleepless Bacchants bend their steadfast gaze
Before them on the hills, on Hebrus spread
And Rhodope where Evius' worshippers tread
With alien feet, and snow-stolèd Thrace,
Me too these streams, these woods inly amaze,
Untenanted! O thou that Naiads led,
And Thyad bands, the ash from ancient bed
Strong to uprear, with no low-thoughted lays,
Nor of no mortal mould, his paths I trace,
(Sweet peril), with green vine engarlanded!

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 26.

My lute, my arms, once set before
That foolish fort, a heart,
Time lately spent, in Cupid's war ;—
And still I did my part,—

Now lie before thy leftward wall,
Thy batteries, Ocean Queen,
My torch, my bow, and levers all,
As if a siege had been :

Thou Cyprian, thou of Memphis' clime
There where no snows abide,
Touch Chloe with thy rod sublime,
Only to punish pride !

J. L. S. HATTON.

Book III. Ode 27.

Yes, let the wicked take their journey still
With evil omens, like the screech-owl's cry,
Let the grey wolf rush down Lanuvium's hill,
The vixen fox go by;

Or let the serpent interrupt their course,
As arrow-like it darts across the way,
And wakes the terror of the startled horse;
While for my love I pray

From the bright east, a careful seer, to haste
The croaking raven, ere the scent of rain
Unto the stagnant pools amid the waste
Shall bring the crow again!

O be thou happy wheresoe'er thou art,
And while thou liv'st, sweet friend, remember me,
No luckless jay forbids thee to depart,
No vagrant crow I see;

Yet lo! how wildly doth Orion set,
And well I know how rough is Adria's wave,
And the rude buffets I shall ne'er forget
The fair west breezes gave;

Only the wives and children of our foes,
The blinding rush of Auster's power should feel,
And the fierce crash, as the black billows close,
Making the cliffs to reel.

Thus did Europa to the treacherous bull
Entrust her snowy form, thus cheated quail
Before the mighty sea of monster full,
And though so brave grow pale,

She who so lately by the meadow's side
Sought the wild flower to twine the wood-nymphs' crown,
Saw now but midnight waters tossing wide,
Saw but the stars look down.

"Father," she cried, when once her foot had trod
Crete of the hundred cities,—"I have lost
The name of daughter, and the love of God,
My heart all passion-tost.

"Whence have I come, and whither do I go?
One death is light for erring maids to win,
Am I awake and do these tear-drops flow
Because of deadly sin?

"Or am I pure, mocked by some phantom vain
With dreams that from the ivory gate have flown?
Could I prefer to cross the bounding main
To gathering flowers fresh blown?

"Would to my wrath the hateful beast were given,
How would I gore him with my naked sword,
Till the proud horns from off his brows were riven
Of him I once adored;

"Shameless! I left the altars of my home,
Shameless! I linger on the way to Hell,
Would to the gods I strayed where lions roam,
Powerless their rage to quell;

"Ere sad decay shall mar this rounded cheek,
While through these veins the blood flows fast and free,
The tameless tiger will I gladly seek
And bid him feast on me!

"'O vile Europa, why delay to die?'
Methinks I hear my absent father rave,
'Here from this elm held by thy zone on high
Can'st thou not lifeless wave?

"'Or if thou lov'st the crags all sharp with death,
Cast thyself headlong on the rushing wind,
Unless thou'dst rather draw the vital breath
To bondsmaid's tasks assigned,

"'A slave before some savage dame to bow,
A paramour forsooth of royal race.'"—
While thus she raved, with Cupid harmless now,
And archly smiling face,

Came Venus to her, and "Abstain," she cried,
Soon as her laughter ceased, "let passion end,
For this detested bull his head of pride
Shall bow for thee to rend;

"Know that thou art the bride of conquering Jove,
Hush all thy sobs, learn what thy fate shall be,
For half a world in memory of thy love
Shall take its name from thee!"

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 28.

What deed of note for Neptune's holiday,
Lyde, but search within the inmost cell
For Cæcuban, and in her citadel
Cry war on Wisdom with no more delay;
You see the slant sun from his noon decay,
And yet to summon from his cellared state
The lingering jar of Bibulus' consulate,
You pause, as if the bird of Time would stay!

We in our turn will Neptune hymn, and choir
The Nereids' tress of green; Latona, you,
Fleet Cynthia's darts sing to the crooked lyre,
And her, the sovereign of the Cyclads fair,
Whose yoked swans to Paphian fanes repair;
And Night shall win—for Night deserves—a due!

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1582–1627).

Horat. Carm. Lits. III. Ode 29.

Mæcenas—sprung from Tuscan kings—for thee
Milde wine in vessels never toucht, I keepe:
Here roses, and sweet odours be,
Whose dew thy haire shall steepe:
O stay not, let moyst Tibur be disdain'd,
And Æsulæ's declining fields, and hills,
Where once Telegonus remain'd,
Whose hand his father kills;
Forsake that height where lothsome plenty cloyes,
And towers, which to the lofty clouds aspire;
The smoke of Rome, her wealth and noyse
Thou wilt not here admire.
In pleasing change, the rich man takes delight,
And frugall meales in homely seates allowes,
Where hangings want, and purple bright,
He cleares his carefull browes.
Now Cepheus plainely shewes his hidden fire,
The Dog-starre now his furious heate displayes,
The Lion spreads his raging ire,
The Sunne brings parching dayes.
The Shepeard now his sickly flocke restores,
With shades, and rivers, and the thickets finds
Of rough Siluanus; silent shores
Are free from playing winds.

To keepe the State in order is thy care,
Sollicitous for Rome, thou fear'st the warres,
  Which barbrous easterne troopes prepare,
    And Tanais us'd to iarres.
The wise Creator from our knowledge hides
The end of future times in darksome night;
  False thoughts of mortals He derides,
    When them vaine toyes affright.
With mindfull temper present houres compose,
The rest are like a river, which with ease,
  Sometimes within his channell flowes,
    Into Etrurian seas.
Oft stones, trees, flocks, and houses it devoures,
With echoes from the hills, and neighb'ring woods,
  Where some fierce deluge, rais'd by showers,
    Turns quiet brookes to floods.
He master of himself in mirth may live,
Who saith, I rest well pleas'd with former dayes;
  Let God from heav'n to-morrow give
    Blacke clouds, or sunny rayes.
No force can make that voide, which once is past,
Those things are never alter'd or undone,
  Which from the instant rolling fast,
    With flying moments run.
Proud Fortune joyfull sad affaires to finde,
Insulting in her sport delights to change
  Uncertaine honours: quickly kinde,
    And straight againe as strange.
I prayse her stay, but if she stirre her wings,
Her gifts I leave, and to my self retire,
Wrapt in my vertue: honest things
  In want no dowre require.

When Lybian stormes, the mast in pieces shake,
I never God with pray'rs and vowes implore,
Lest precious wares addition make
To greedy Neptune's store.
Then I contented, with a little bote,
Am through Ægean waves, by winds convay'd,
Where Pollux makes me safely flote,
And Castor's friendly aid.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700).

Book III. Ode 29.

(Paraphrased in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lawrence, Earl of Rochester.)

I

Descended of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan scepter sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

I

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:
Come, and forsake thy cloying store;

The turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

IV

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savoury dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V

The sun is in the lion mounted high;
The Syrian star,
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know;
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII

Enjoy the present smiling hour
And put it out of fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force:
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

VIII

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine,
Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty my soul I arm;
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wrack?

Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek;
And see the storm ashore.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book III. Ode 30.

Not brass eternal, nor the monument
Of princes shall outlive this powerful strain
Where never the loose wind in rage is spent,
Nor flight of ages, nor the wasteful rain;
The Earth can have but earth, which is his due;
I shall not wholly die; best part of me
Shall ever live young, destined to renew
And to be praised of ages yet to be,
While climb the Hill the Priest with Maid sedate:
Loud Aufidus' son shall Fame describe,—
How the once lowly base, now grown to great,
From where parched Daunus ruled a rustic tribe,
The first to our Italian modes conveyed
The Æolian strains! So take deservèd praise,
Thy deeds have won, and thou, Pierian Maid,
Of thy free grace bind me thy Delphic bays.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Book III. Ode 30.

Now have I reared a monument
more durable than brass,
And one that doth the royal scale
of pyramids surpass,
Nor shall defeated Aquilo
destroy, nor soaking rain,
Nor yet the countless tide of years,
nor seasons in their train.
Not all of me shall die: my praise
shall grow, and never end
While pontiff and mute vestal shall
the Capitol ascend,
And so a mighty share of me
shall Libitina foil.
Where bellows headstrong Aufidus,
where, on his arid soil,
King Daunus ruled a rural folk,
of me it shall be told
That, grown from small to great, I first
of all men subtly wrought
Æolian strains to unison
with our Italian thought.
So take thine honours earned by deeds;
and graciously do thou,
Melpomene, with Delphic bays
adorn thy poet's brow.

BOOK IV

BOOK II.

BEN JONSON (1573?–1637).

Book IV. Ode 1.

Venus, again thou mov'st a war
  Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such, as in the reign
  Of the good Cynara I was: refrain,
Sour mother of sweet Loves, forbear
  To bend a man now at his fiftieth year
Too stubborn for commands so slack:
  Go where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
  With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus:
There jest and feast, make him thy host,
  If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast:
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
  And for the troubled client fills his tongue:
Child of a hundred arts, and far
  Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when he smiling finds his grace
  With thee 'bove all his rival's gifts take place,
He'll thee a marble statue make
  Beneath a sweet-wood roof near Alba lake,
There shall thy dainty nostril take
  In many a gum, and for thy soft ears' sake
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
  And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.

There once a day in sacred lays,
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise:
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout the altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with fresh flowers to girt my temple round.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these pale cheeks of mine?
Or why my well-grac'd words among
With an uncomely silence fails my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dream every night
I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the light,
Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow thee.

M. JOURDAIN.[1]

Book IV. Ode .1.

Leave, Venus, leave! Is't thus that after pause
Thou mov'st again long intermitted wars?
Leave, for I am not such, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was: refrain,
Sour mother of Love's honey, cease to hold
The man that now his fiftieth year hath told,
Dull to thy softer empery! Away,
There, where youths' smooth entreaties bid thee stay,
And winged with silver-shining swans, go rouse
Revel in Paullus Maximus' house.
There found a charge, a timely happy guest
If thou wilt fire a worthy willing breast,
For he's both noble, amiable, and young,
And for the troubled client fills his tongue,
Child for a hundred arts renowned, and far
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when, more prevalent, he shall behold
His gifts outweighing all a rival's gold,
He'll set thy imaged form in stone, and make
A sweet-wood bower for thee, by Alba's lake.
There for thy nostril shall rich incense rain,
For thy delight the intermingling strain
Of Berecynthian reed the ear salute
With sound of lyre, not without the flute.

[1] After Ben Jonson's translation.

And by young boys, and tender maidens young,
Shall twice a day thy praises there be sung,
And in the Salian measure shall they meet
To beat upon the ground with ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor any wanton boy
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
No longer will I in the cups contest,
Nor with fresh flowers see my temples drest.
But yet, oh Ligurinus, self-willed, yet
With these rare-dropping tears my cheek is wet,
And yet my tongue fails; in my words of grace
I put the period often from his place;
But I in dreams, and in my nightly sleep,
Do thee, methinks, in my embraces keep,
Or over Mars his field, where'er thou be,
Or in the flowing river, follow thee!

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book IV. Ode 2.

He who would equal Pindar's fame
With waxen pinions, my Iulus, strives
By aid of Dædalus, but only gives
Unto some glassy sea his name.

As a stream down the mountain flows
Which storms have swoln above its usual bound,
So mighty Pindar with his voice profound
Pours his full tide of song, and glows;

Worthy Apollo's laurel crown
When he in daring dithyrambic song
Coins unaccustomed words, and sweeps along
In numbers to all rules unknown;

Whether of gods, or mighty kings
Their issue—through whose deeds the Centaurs fell
By righteous slaughter, and was quenched as well
The dread Chimæra's flame—he sings;

Or when the boxers and the steeds
Or Elis' victors home-bound he records
Proud of their palm-wreaths, and a prize awards
To them which in its worth exceeds

A hundred statues: or he weeps
The mourning bride's lost spouse, and to the sky
Raising his valour, mind, and purity,
His name from gloomy Orcus keeps.

The swan of Dirce many a breeze,
Antonius, helps to bear on high, as oft
As to the soaring clouds he wings aloft,
Whilst I like the Calabrian bees,

Culling with most laborious care
The grateful thyme on every grove and bank
Of Tibur moist, a bard of humble rank
My verses with much toil prepare.

Great Cæsar's praise in loftier verse
When crowned with laurel wreath—the victor's meed—
He up the Sacred hill shall captive lead
The fierce Sicambri,—you'd rehearse:

Than whom no blessing more sublime
Or good the bounteous gods did e'er accord,
Or Fates, to earth,—nor will, though were restored
The golden age of earlier Time.

You too will sing the festive days,
And city's public sports at the return
Of brave Augustus—which by prayers we earn—
And Forum free from legal frays.

If aught worth hearing I can say,
Then too my voice its highest tone shall raise;
And sing, "How blest, how glorious, worthy praise,
In Cæsar's advent is this day!"

We, all the city, as you go
  Io triumphe! we will shout amain,
  Io triumphe! o'er and o'er again,
And incense on the gods bestow.

You will ten bulls, and ten fair cows
  Absolve; one tender calf will me release
  Which, from its mother torn, now crops in peace
The plenteous grass to pay my vow;

Upon whose front the budding horns
  Curve like the crescent moon's when three days old,
  And, whilst his general tint you dun behold,
That spot a snow-white mark adorns.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Book IV. Ode 3.

To Melpomene.

If with propitious eye, Melpomene,
A new-born babe thou see,
He never in the stress of Isthmian game,
Nor for Olympian fame
Will struggle; nor shall War, with Delian leaf,
Proclaim him as a chief
On our high Capitol, for threatenings quelled
Of kings that had rebelled.

No: but from streams which fertile Tibur loves
And in thick shadowy groves
Æolian song shall be his glorious choice.
Me too: the general voice
Of Rome, the queen of cities, by its grace
Accords to me a place
In its loved choir of bards: and Envy's claw
Less now my blood can draw.

Pierian Muse! who of the golden shell
Temperest the sharper swell,
And to mute fishes canst impart a tone
Swans might be fain to own;

If me the finger of the passer-by
In Roman minstrelsy
Have marked for lord, thou didst it: if I shine
And please, 'tis wholly thine.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book IV. Ode 4.

Drusus.

Like the loud thunder's winged slave,
To whom Heaven's king, for that leal deed
Which gave him golden Ganymede,
The crown of feathered nomads gave;

Whom youth and force ancestral fling
Forth from the nest to toil unknown,
Till vernal gales, the rain-clouds flown,
Have trained his timorous tyro wing;

When, shooting from the height of heaven,
A foeman on the fold he breaks
Or swoops on unsubmissive snakes
By lust of feast and battle driven;

Like the young lion when he sprang,
Fresh from his tawny mother's teats,
On roes intent on meadow sweets,
First victims of his unfleshed fang;

So fierce a front young Drusus dons
To fall on Rhætia's mountaineers,
Why armed from immemorial years
With axes of the Amazons

I wist not; mortal eyes are dim:
But flushed with conquest unalloyed
These old destroyers were destroyed
When youth and wisdom met in him;

Taught, when by happiest nurture bred,
What heights the native spirit scales,
And what the father's love avails
On Nero's sons by Cæsar shed.

Brave sire, brave son; in steer and steed
Ancestral virtues reappear;
And out of courage comes not fear,
Nor is it doves that eagles breed.

Yet care calls forth implanted worth,
And tutored souls are sheathed in mail;
Soon as the good old manners fail
The soils of sin will blacken birth.

What Nero's race has done for Rome,
Metaurus, Hasdrubal recite,
And dawning through dispersed night
That fair, first morn of conquest come,

Since like a curse the African,
Fierce as the fire 'mid forest trees,
Fleet as the gale o'er foaming seas,
Through all Ausonia's cities ran.

Thence step by step the Roman trod
The steep of greatness; swept in vain
By Punic sacrilege, the fane
Received its reinstated God;

Then cried Hamilcar's traitor son,—
"We stags, the wild wolf's natural spoil,
Affront their fury whom to foil
Were noblest triumph and to shun.

"Baptized to strength in Ilion's fires,
That race which wafted through the roar
Of Tuscan storms to Latin shore
Its Gods, its babes, its aged sires,

"Like oaks by ruthless woodman pruned
On Algid rife of dusky leaves,
'Mid loss and havoc, still conceives
New vigour from the very wound.

"'Gainst chafed Alcides hard bestead
No mightier mangled Hydra grew,
Thy Thebes, Echion, never knew,
Nor Colchis, miracle more dread.

"Plunge it in ocean,—thence 'twill leap
Resplendent: grapple,—with renown
'Twill hunt its scatheless conqueror down,
Waging proud wars our wives shall weep.

"No more my exultant heralds shall
Make Carthage glad; undone, undone
Is all our hope, a people's sun
Hath set with slaughtered Hasdrubal."

No bar the house of Claudius stays;
Jove smiles on them beneficent,
And watchfulness with wisdom blent
Makes smooth the battle's rugged ways.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book IV. Ode 5.

To Augustus.

God-given guardian of Quirinus' sons,
The sacred Senate holds thy promise dear;
Return, return; too long his absence runs
Who spake of brief delay and is not here.

Restore to Rome the radiance of that face
Which, smiling on us like the budding year,
Can lend to gracious day a novel grace,
And gift the sunshine with a warmer cheer:

For us some mother hungering for her son—
Fast bound beyond the far Carpathean swell
By jealous gales till all the year be done,
In exile from the home that loves him well,—

Calls him with vows and prayers and augur's art,
Her eyes still set toward the sinuous sand,
So from a grateful people's faithful heart
A cry for Cæsar echoes through the land.

For safe the cattle range the peaceful mead,—
Ceres the mead and glad Abundance bless;
O'er bloodless seas the flying galleys speed;
And faith is fearful of unfaithfulness.

Our homes are pure and happy, every one;
Good laws, good customs cleanse our leprosies;
The father's face is imaged in the son;
Immediate vengeance follows hard on vice.

Who recks of dwellers in the Scythian snows?
Who dreads the Mede? Who fears, if Cæsar reign,
Yon savage brood the Teuton forest knows?
Or who is troubled for the war with Spain?

Each sees the sun down in his native glen,
There wedding widower elm and tender vine;
Then blithely hies him homeward, and again
Crowns his glad cup and bids thee bless the wine.

Thee with all prayer, with all libation thee,
Thee in the number of his Lares set
He worships; so Hellenic piety
To Castor and Alcides paid its debt.

Good chief, with years of joy thy country dower!
Thus at the dawn of days not yet begun
Dry-lipped we pray; and thus in wassail hour
When couched in ocean sleeps the weary sun.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book IV. Ode 6.

Apollo! thou whose vengeful dart
Slew the fair sons of vaunting Niobe,
Quivered in Tityos' wanton heart,
And smote Achilles, sea-born Thetis' son,
When with uplifted spear, alone,
Greater in war than all save thee,
He shook the Dardan ramparts well-nigh won:—
Like the felled Pine, or Cypress wrenched by storm,
Dying, on Ilion's dust he stretched his stately form.

He would have scorned to shroud his might
Hid in that lying Horse;—in darkness rise
And steal like skulking thief of night
On ill-starred revelries.
In light of day
His blood-stained hand had wrapt in flame
The captive host, the monarch grey,
All, all,—alas! the sin, the shame!
Babbling lips of children torn
From dying breasts, infants, and babes unborn.
Not such the will of Jove!
Apollo's prayer, and hers, the Queen of Love
Prevailed: the Father God
Relenting gave the nod,
And bade Æneas rear on high
New walls on Western hills with happier augury.

Phœbus! when on Thalia's lyre
Breathest the soul of Grecian fire,
Leave Lycian Xanthus who caresses
With his soft wave thy golden tresses,
Inspire, protect, our Latin song
Beardless Agyieus, ever young!
The Poet's name thou gav'st long since to me,
The art, the spirit of Poesy.
Noble virgin, noble youth,
Scions of old Roman race,
Loved of Dian who pursueth
Stags and panthers in the chase,
Keep the Lesbian measure true,
Mark my finger on the string,
Sing the hymn to Phœbus due,
Cynthia's crescent glory sing,
Hymn to Leto's son be given,
Hymn to her whose gracious light
Gilds the harvest; who in Heaven
Speeds the circling seasons' flight.
When the glad feast comes again,
Maids, then wedded, ye shall say,
"To gods well pleased we sang that strain
In youth, and Horace taught the lay."

MORTIMER HARRIS.

Book IV. Ode 6.

God, whom the sons of Niobe
Have as the dread avenger known
Of vain tongue too boastful grown,
And lustful Tityus, and he
Of Phthia—brave Achilles—who
Did lofty Troy almost subdue.

A warrior o'er the rest renowned
But much unequal unto thee,
Though son to Thetis of the sea
A goddess, when to battle bound
He with his mighty javelin's shock
The Dardan turrets caused to rock.

As falls the pine beneath the blow
Of the keen axe, or cypress cast
To earth by the fierce Eastern blast,
So fell the huge Achilles low,
And prostrate in the dust was bowed
Of hated Troy that head so proud.

Not ignominiously pent
Within the wooden steed that feigned
Minerva's rites would he have deigned
By fraud Troy's sons to circumvent
Unwisely keeping holiday,
Or Priam's halls with dancers gay:

But rather—oh! the bitter shame!
Unto his captives void of ruth,
He children in their earliest youth
Would openly with Grecian flame
Ere they could lisp a word, consume—
Not sparing those still in the womb;

Had not the Father of each god—
Great Jove—by thy entreaties moved
And those of Venus sweet, approved
Thy prayer and sealed it with his nod,
That by Æneas' toils should rise
New walls with happier auguries.

Lord of the lyre, too, thou who gav'st
Thalia of the silver voice
Her skill, O Phœbus, who by choice
In Xanthus' stream thy tresses lav'st,
Agyieus of the beardless face
Defend the Daunian Muse's grace.

My genius all from Phœbus came,
Phœbus it was who did impart
To me of verse the polished art,
And granted me a Poet's name.
Do ye, the chief of maidens young,
And boys from noble fathers sprung,

Who of the Delian goddess are
The chosen guard, of her whose bow
Strikes the swift lynx with fatal blow
And timid stag, observe with care
The rhythm of the Lesbian feet,
And of my thumb the measured beat:

While your fresh voices you attune
Latona's mighty son to praise,
Or solemnly your hymns upraise
To celebrate the crescent moon;
Propitious she sweet fruits to send,
And swift the rolling months to end.

And one of you when wed may say,
"I, not unskilful in the rhymes
Of Poet Horace in the times
Of old, when that the festal day
In its due course came round again
Sang to the Gods a grateful strain."

H. RIDER.[1]

Book IV. Ode 7.

The snow is past, the grasse returned is
Unto the fields, and leaves unto the trees;
The earth doth change her seasons, and the tides,
Being decreas'd [lie] low on the bank side.
The Grace and Nymphs, and her two sisters dare
To usher in their dances, being bare.
The yeere, and houre which hence the sweet day flings
Warnes thee thou should'st not hope immortal things.
Frosts melt with the Spring winds; the Summer then
Thrusts out the Spring, and that must perish when
Fruit-bearing Autumn doth her store poure out;
And then again stiff Winter comes about
Yet the swift moones their heavenly waines can mend;
When we, where good Æneas is, descend,
Where wealthy Tullus, and where Ancus bee,
Then ashes and a very shade are wee!
Who can tell whether that the high gods may
A morrow add to this last present day?
All that on your owne deare soule you bestow
Beyond your heires' all-catching graspe shall goe.
When you're once dead, and Minos upon you
His rare determinations shall shew,
Torquatus, nor your stock, nor eloquence,
Nor piety shall e'er release you thence;

[1] Published 1638.

For nor Diana from infernall night
The chaste Hippolytus can e'er acquite;
Neither has Theseus power to break in twaine
From dear Pirithous his Lethean chaine.

T. A. WALKER.

Book IV. Ode 8.

To Martius Censorinus.

I would present my friends, to please their taste,
With antique bowls and brasses choice and chaste,
And tripods, Censorinus, which on those
Who win the prize for valour Greece bestows:
Nor would the cheapest fall to your own lot
Had I a Scopas, a Parrhasius got—
Some work of art in colours limned by one,
And by the other wrought in sculptured stone,
Whether a form in human garb arrayed,
Or form divine, his handicraft portrayed.
But of such delicates I have no store,
Nor you, methinks, the wish or need for more.
Verses you like, and verse I can pour forth,
And giving tell you what the gift is worth.
Marbles inscribed and chiselled, that thereby
Heroes may live and breathe e'en when they die,
The flight, and threats of Hannibal returned
Sevenfold, and fires that impious Carthage burned,
Make not more glorious Scipio's glorious fame,
Who won from vanquished Africa his name,
Than doth the muse of Ennius. Whence can come
Your Virtue's need, if chronicles be dumb?

How could the fame of Romulus be known,
Had envy silenced his well-earned renown?
And who could know whence our great race hath sprung
Had not the bards of Mars and Ilia sung?

The powerful tongue of poets by their lays
From Stygian darkness Æacus could raise,
Snatch from its waves and set him with the blest
Upon the happy islands of the west.

Death to praiseworthy men the Muse denies,
The Muse confers the bliss of Paradise.
Laborious Hercules by the Muse's grace
Finds at Jove's banquets his long-wished-for place.
Storm-shattered ships the bright Tyndaridæ
Thus save from sinking in the soundless sea;
And Bacchus thus, with vine-leaves decked his brows,
Brings to successful ends his votaries' vows.

A FRAGMENT OF SWIFT[1] (1667–1745).

Book IV. Ode 9.

O think not all these words can die,
Words linked by arts unknown before,
Which with the lute and lyre to ally
The nurseling of my sounding Aufid's shore
I sing,—things unattempted yet in harmony!

No, Lollius, no! though Homer reigns alone,
True is, the Cean strain, the Alcaic rage,
The Muse of Pindar is not all unknown,
Stesichorus' mighty line; the age,
The generations pass away
And spare Anacreon's play,
And love survives, the heat that clings,
Committed secrets to the Æolian strings.

Not Spartan Helen first confest
The adulterous locks, the gold-wrought vest,
The princely state; nor Teucer's bow
The first that laid a foeman low,
Nor Troy's the only tale of war,
Nor that heroic race before
The Ilion walls in Teucer's time
The only warriors worthy rhyme.
High sons of valour, men have reigned
Ere Agamemnon, now lie stained

[1] With additions. M. Jourdain.

Under long night, unwept, unknown,
Because they made no bard their own!

Virtue, conceal'd within our breast,
Is inactivity at best;
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your severe [1] presence awed;
'Gainst the world's magnet, gain, secure,
Consul in soul, erect and pure,
In judgment still survives your sway
When right from profit won the day;
Your hand alone from gold abstains
Which drags the slavish world in chains,
And through Corruption's circling fray
Advances in its victor's way.
Him for a happy man I own
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want, and not repine.
The man who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life, his country, or his friend.

[1] "Sacred" in the original.

M. JOURDAIN.

Book IV. Ode 10.

To Ligurinus.

Lord of all love, the world's fresh ornament,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self self-willed,
When thou behold'st thy plumes with discontent,
And those hairs fall, that once thy shoulders filled,
And when the purple pride that in thee dwells
Above the deepest tincture of the rose
Will that unfair, that fairly now excels [1]
(Being rudely stuck with hairs), when thou'll disclose
Another in thy glass, thou needs must cry;
"Those willing thoughts that now I entertain
Why had I not ere now, and now, ah why,
Do not my cheeks grow sleek and smooth again!"

[1] "Will that unfair that fairly doth excel."
—*Shakespere's Sonnets.*

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Book IV. Ode 11.

To Phyllis.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more;
In my garden, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
Grows the brightest of parsley in plentiful store.
There is ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair;
My plate, newly burnish'd, enlivens my rooms;
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there,
Enwreath'd with chaste vervain, and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.
Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-spring Venus,
A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning—
My own natal day not more hallow'd nor dear—
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
The life that has swell'd to a lustrous career.

You sigh for young Telephus: better forget him!
His rank is not yours, and the gaudier charms
Of a girl that's both wealthy and wanton beset him,
And hold him the fondest of slaves in her arms.

Remember fond Phæton's fiery sequel
And heavenward-aspiring Bellerophon's fate;
And pine not for one who would ne'er be your equal,
But level your hopes to a lowlier mate.
So, come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure—
Ah, ne'er for another this bosom shall long,—
And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the measure,
How to lighten fell care with the cadence of song.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

Book IV. Ode 12.

Now Thracian airs, companions of the Spring,
Temper the seas, and with Etesian wing
Fan the expanded sail. Released from snow
The earth awakes: late-raging rivers flow
With noiseless course. Once more the voice is heard,
As sad she builds her nest, of that poor bird
Who grieves for Itys,—her, the dire disgrace
(Though foul the sin avenged) of Cecrops' race.
The shepherd stretched on tender herbage trills
Strains like his native mountains wild and free,
Charming the god who haunts those pine-dark hills,
And loves the peaceful flocks of Arcady.

Thirst comes with Summer: Virgil, haste,
Comrade of noble youths, and taste
Choice wines of Cales: my reward
One little shell of Syrian nard.
The mellow cask long-stored within
The depths of the Sulpician bin
Shall then be thine, that nectar rare
Which brightens hope and drowns dull care.
Come taste my wine, but ere thou try it,
Remember, friend, that thou must buy it:
I cannot, like the rich man, give
Largess to all, and nought receive.

Hence, sordid cares! Hence idle sorrow!
Death comes apace: to-day—to-morrow—
Then mingle mirth with melancholy,—
Wisdom at times is found in folly.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611–1643).

Book IV. Ode 13.

My prayers are heard, O *Lyce*, now
They're heard; years write thee ag'd, yet thou
  Youthfull and green in Will,
  Putt'st for handsome still,
And shameless dost intrude among
The sports and feastings of the young.

These, thaw'd with Wine, thy ragged throat
To *Cupid* shakes some feeble note,
  To move unwilling fires,
  And rouze our lodg'd desires,
When he still wakes in *Chia's* face,
Chia, that's fresh, and sings with grace.

For he (choice God) doth, in his flight,
Skip sapless oaks, and will not light
  Upon thy Cheek, or Brow,
  Because deep wrinkles now,
Gray Hairs, and Teeth decayed and worn,
Present thee fowl, and fit for scorn.

Neither thy Coan Purples gay,
Nor that thy Jewels native day
  Can make thee backwards live,
  And those lost years retrieve
Which winged Time unto our known
And Publike Annals once hath thrown.

Whither is now that Softness flown?
Whither that Blush, that Motion gone?
Alas what now in thee
Is left of all that She,
That She that loves did breath and deal?
That *Horace* from himself did steal?

Thou wert a while the cry'd up Face,
Of taking Arts, and catching Grace,
My *Cynara* being dead;
But my fair *Cynara's* thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw
Till thou contest with th' Aged Daw.

That those young Lovers, once thy Prey,
Thy zealous eager Servants, may
Make thee their Common sport,
And to thy house resort
To see a Torch that proudly burn'd
Now into Colder Ashes turn'd.

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK.

Book IV. Ode 14.

How shall the Senate, how shall Rome,
With meed of honours amply paid,
On blazoned scrolls that cannot fade,
Record thy worth for times to come,

Oh, where the Sun-god shines on men,
Thou first of kings? The imperial sword
Hath lessoned the Vindelic horde
Unversed in Latin law till then,

When armed by thee young Drusus fell
On fierce Genaunia's rebel clan,
And hurled the nimble Breunian
From frowning Alpine citadel;

Avenging well his gallant dead,
Till soon, 'twas when with omens bright
The elder Nero led the fight,
Dismayed the Rhætian giants fled.

The cynosure of all the brave,
With what red ruin wasted he
Proud spirits vowed to perish free!
Than Auster when he chafes the wave,

The tameless wave, beneath the choir
  Of Pleiads shining in the rift,
  More fierce of onset, and more swift
Burst his wild war-horse through the fire.

Like bull-shaped Aufid by the pale
  Of antique Daunus rolling deep,
  And maddening with design to heap
Dread deluge on the vine-clad vale,

So wroth, so ruinous Nero shore
  The savage, serried spear to spear,
  Till earth was cumbered van and rear,
And red—but not with Roman gore.

Yet were the legions all thine own,
  The scheme and auspice. Since the hour
  When Egypt yielded to thy power
A suppliant port, an empty throne,

Fortune, for thrice five years thy friend,
  With blessings all thy battles fraught,
  And, now the imperial work is wrought,
With praise and glory crowns the end.

Thee the Cantabrian last to yield,
  And Mede and wandering Scythian come
  To worship, O of sovereign Rome
And this dear land incarnate shield!

Thee Nile from his mysterious source,
  Ister, and Tigris' arrowy flood,
  Thee ocean with its monster brood,
By lonely Albion bellowing hoarse,

Thee reckless Gaul's heroic hordes,
Thee Teuton tribes athirst to slay,
Thee stern Iberians hail, and pay
The homage of submitted swords.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

Book IV. Ode 15.

On siege and battlefield I mused,
Of martial themes I wished to sing,
But Phœbus chid—my lyre refused
To speak, and mute was every string;
He bade me furl my little sails,
Nor rashly tempt Tyrrhenian gales.

'Tis thine, O Cæsar, to restore
To wasted fields their wealth of corn;
And standards that we lost of yore,—
From haughty Parthia's columns torn,—
Bring back in triumph to our shrine,
Of Jupiter Capitoline.

Beneath thy sway we live in peace,
The double gates of Janus close,
Outbursts of vagrant license cease,
And all is order and repose;
Thy hand that stays the people's crimes
Restores the arts of olden times;

Arts which have spread the Latin name,
Increased the might of Italy,
Founded the empire's matchless fame
And all embracing majesty,
Till they have spanned the earth's extent
From sunset to the Orient.

While we have Cæsar at our head,
Serene custodian of the State,
No civil fury shall we dread,
Nor feuds that cities desolate;
The rage that fires barbarian hordes
Shall never sharpen Roman swords.

Not they who dwell upon its banks
And the deep Danube's waters drink,
No faithless Parthian's quivered ranks
No natives of the Tanais' brink,
No tribes about the Larian lake,
The Julian edicts dare to break.

These themes I leave; the lot be mine
On common and on festal days,
With Bacchus' gifts of flowers and wine,
To mingle my congenial lays,—
And while our wives and children share
In offerings of peace and prayer,

We'll, like our fathers, celebrate—
In songs that blend with Lydian pipes—
The men in simple virtues great,
Our captains of the ancient types;
Anchises, Troy, our themes shall be,
And genial Venus' progeny.

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